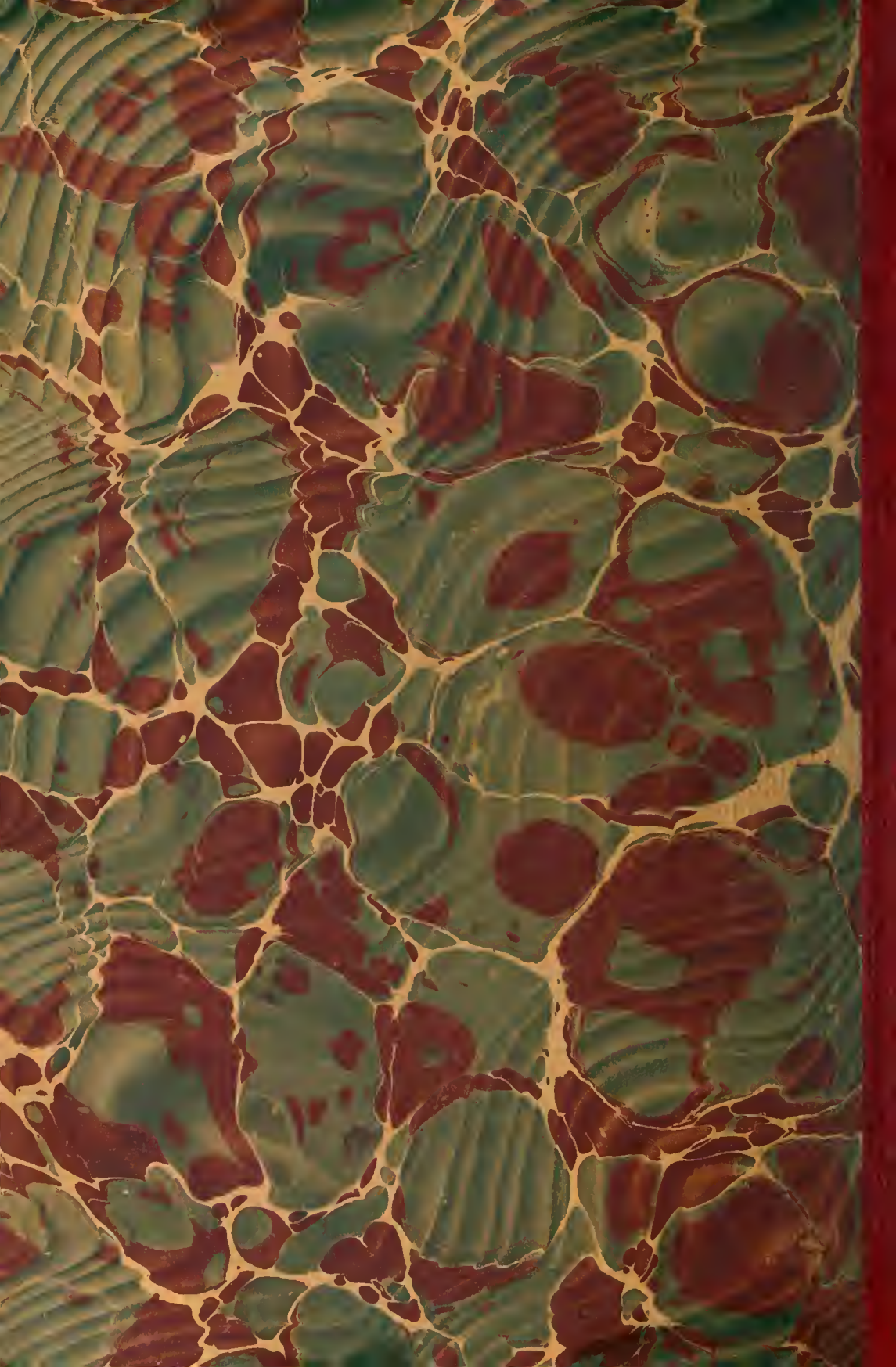


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THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES

*With Illustrations from Photographs
By the Author*

IZAMIA



COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES
VOL. V



BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
THE LITTLE-PRESTON COMPANY, LIMITED
M C M I

PHILANI

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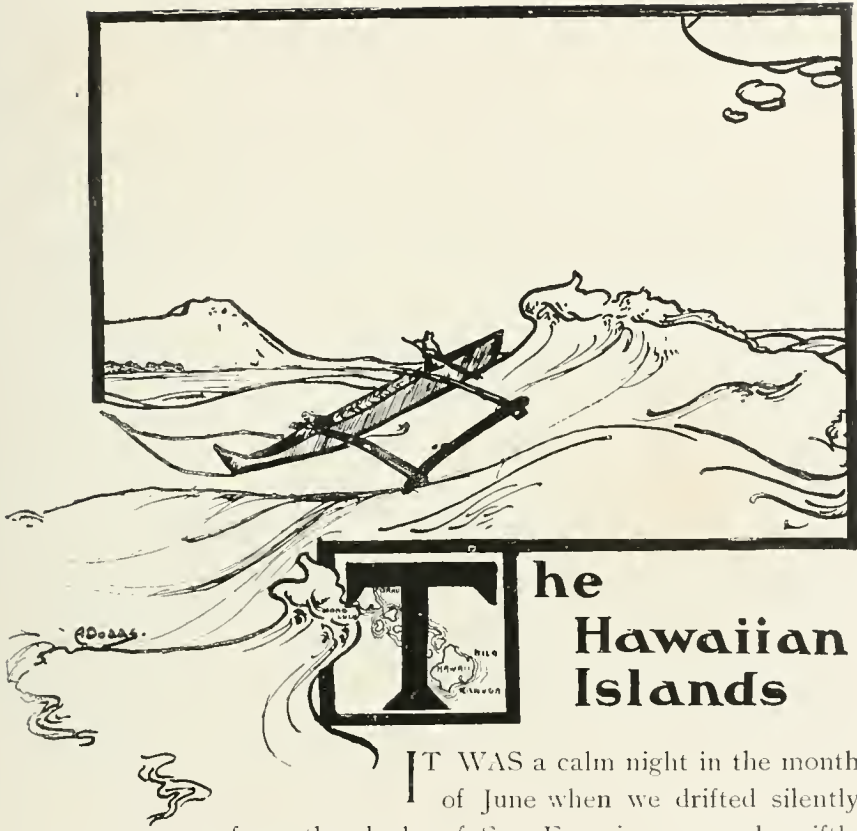
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is Limited to One Thousand Sets.

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THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



The **Hawaiian** **Islands**

IT WAS a calm night in the month of June when we drifted silently from the docks of San Francisco, passed swiftly out through the Golden Gate, and set our course across the silvery moonlit sea toward the Hawaiian Islands. About two thousand miles of peaceful ocean sleep between our coast and the palm-fringed shores of the Republic of Hawaii, and over this we speed, not knowing that ere we retrace our way, this stretch of ocean—almost equal in width to the Atlantic—will have been transformed by our wise men at Washington into an American channel, and that the trans-Pacific

steamers will have become boats that convey the traffic of mere "ferries," running from San Francisco, Cal., to Honolulu, United States of America.

There is not time to dwell upon the voyage, but I must at least confess that I have never more thoroughly enjoyed a week at sea. Conditions of weather, service, and accommodations I have never seen surpassed; and as for speed — our steamer, the "Moana," traveled all too swiftly across



THE SUMMER SEA

this fascinating summer sea, and brought us into Honolulu Harbor at sunrise on the morning of the seventh day. The first impressions of the traveler, as he sees the islands rise like pale blue clouds out of the dark blue sea, I shall not endeavor to describe. I trust that all of you are some day going to the islands, and believe no one has a right to rob you of your first impressions. I hold that every traveler should be permitted to enjoy his own, without suggestions or interruptions by the omnipresent and ubiquitous tourist who has

"been there" several times before. Of course the first land that we saw was Molokai, the island home of those upon whom the awful curse of leprosy has fallen, but we passed it afar off, as if the ship herself had heard the cry "unclean! unclean!" and soon the outline of the island faded from our view, while the volcanic shapes of Oahu rose higher and higher against the morning sky. Then Coco Head and Diamond Head are passed, and finally, almost



HONOLULU HARBOR

before we know it, we are in port, scanning the shores with that delightful eagerness that animates the traveler when he scents a new land and a new experience.

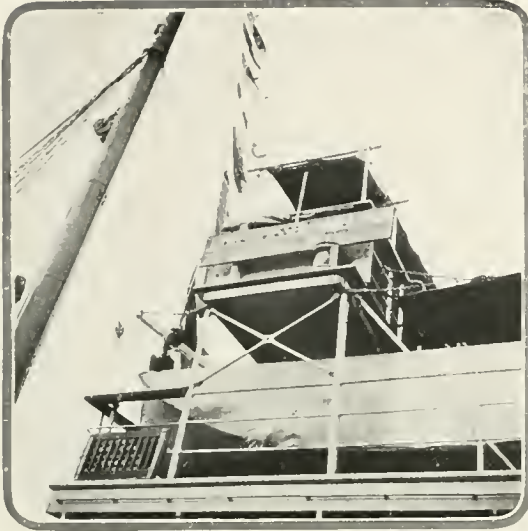
So much has been told us of the beauty of the land that we are at first, I fear, a little disappointed; the hills are green, but not so green as travelers have painted them; the palms are tall, but not quite tall enough; the sea and the sky are beautiful, yet we expected more. I do not know why, but we expected the impossible. So much for enthu-

siastic lectures and fulsome books of travel ! As we discover later, the reality surpasses all that a sane pleasure-seeker or beauty-lover can desire. A friend, a resident of Honolulu, indicates the various features of the view as the ship swings around. There are the boat-houses, wading in the harbor ; yonder the new naval coal-sheds, constructed by the United States government, as if in anticipation of immediate necessity ; and there behind the city on the right is the volcanic



DIVING FOR DIMES

cone called Punch-Bowl — a “punch-bowl” scandalously huge for a town so temperate and well behaved as Honolulu, a punch-bowl big enough to serve as loving-cup for the entire nation when it shall celebrate the realization of its long-cherished dream of annexation. Cheers greet our arriving steamer, for she brings good news ; and as she is warped slowly up to the dock, the crowds of citizens awaiting us cheer again and again, for they have seen painted on a long blackboard, fixed to the railing of the bridge, these



WELCOME NEWS ANNOUNCED

words: "House of Representatives passed Annexation Resolution 209-91." Of course this does not mean annexation; as yet the Senate has not acted, but the news is full of promise, and immediately Honolulu goes wild with joy. News-



By permission

THE WELCOMING CROWD

papers eight days old that have been lying in the saloon and cabins are seized upon with eagerness by those who come on board to greet their friends. We must not forget that Honolulu gets its news but once a week, and sometimes only once a fortnight; there is no telegraphic cable to link this little city to the nerve-centers of the world.

Therefore the
morn-

"steamer
ing"



A HONOLULU WHARF

is a most important function; everybody makes it a point to be upon the dock, no matter what the hour of the ship's arrival, and those who have discovered friends on board, hastily purchase floral garlands with which to deck the welcome ones. These garlands are called "*leis*." They are of many different flowers, of many different colors; some are bright red, others a gorgeous yellow, while the most distinguished of all is the lei of beautiful green *mailé*. "But," you may be tempted to ask, "have not some of these ladies on the

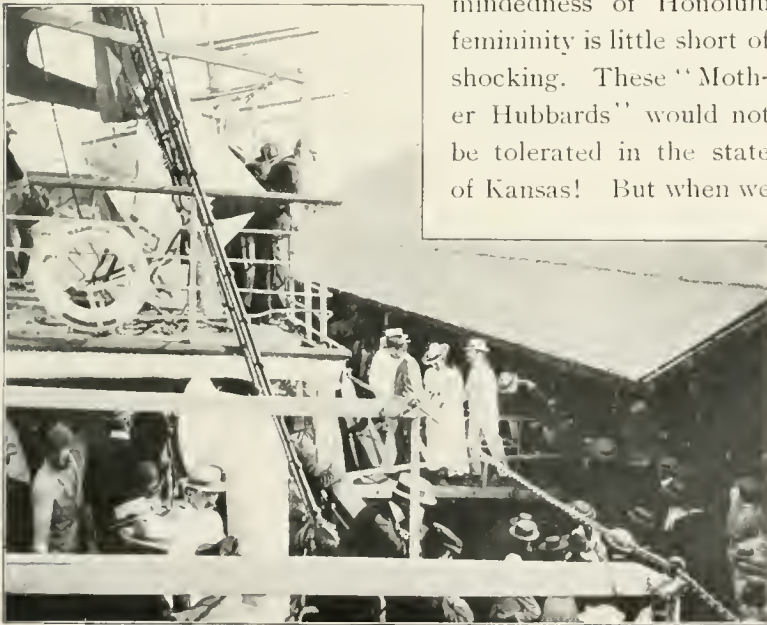
pier entirely forgotten both the place and hour in their haste to greet and decorate their friends? Have they not thoughtlessly rushed out in dressing gowns?" But ere we have a chance to formulate a question, other visions of



BUYING LEIS

Photograph by Anton Hodenpyl

rebellious dry-goods are revealed to us. Surely there must be sanction for this informal costume, or else the absent-mindedness of Honolulu femininity is little short of shocking. These "Mother Hubbards" would not be tolerated in the state of Kansas! But when we



ARRIVED



DECORATED WITH LEIS

learn the origin and history of the "*holoku*,"—for that is what these damsels call it,—we view it in a different light. When the missionaries first came to these isles of innocence, the ladies knew as little about clothes as about bicycles; smiles and tropic tan were the materials then used for feminine attire. The missionaries thereupon immediately invented the *holoku*; in fact, so hastily was it contrived that there was not time enough for trying on, and therefore the *holoku* remains ill-fitting to this very day. The smiles and tropic tan were not abolished, but became accessory rather than essential features of feminine adornment. Some *holokus* are



SMILES AND FLOWERS



Photograph by Anton Hodenpyl

HOLOKUS

stiff with starch, in rigid superiority, others hang more in Grecian folds ; but coolness, comfort, and economy, perfect adaptability to climate and to purse are the dominant characteristics of this Hawaiian costume. It is worn by all classes and by all nationalities. We shall see it in the Asiatic quarter, a crude substitute for the artistic Japanese kimono, and amid the aristocratic surroundings of suburban bungalows where, it is fair to add, the American wearers give more thought to cut and quality, and supplement the smiles and tan with shoes and stockings.



HOLOKUS

But let us not anticipate. Let us jump into a cab and drive to the hotel. Up Fort Street speeds our carryall between long blocks of business houses, stores, and offices. Surely this is no foreign country; this street is like a dozen streets that we could name in the minor cities of America. And as if to emphasize the obvious Americanism of the place, there, high above, brightening the tropic sky, are the familiar Stars and Stripes, flung out in honor of the coming of our ship with news of promised annexation. The traveler from the United States instantly feels at home. This is delightful in one sense, in another it is a less welcome sensation. The traveler who seeks novelty and strangeness may be at first rebellious when confronted by a typical American thoroughfare, in which there is not one beautiful or one exotic note.



IN GREEK FOLDS

Photograph by Anton Hedenpyl

But let him wait a little — all this is admirable and progressive; that which is tropical and charming is not far away. Let him but turn a corner, and he will halt in wonder at sight of a floral conflagration such as he never saw before — a gorgeous tree ablaze with ruddy flame-like flowers. His first thought is to call out the fire bri-



By permission

HULA DANCERS

gade. Nor is this the only blaze in town. The residential streets are all aglow with the blossoms of the Poinciana Regia—it is as if a rain of molten lava had fallen on the tree-tops. At almost every turn the visitor is startled by these bursts of flame-flowers. It is as if an anarchistic plot to burn the city had been foiled by the sudden transformation of wide-spread incipient fires into masses of harmless, lovely, floral flame. Now and then the trade-wind fans the arborescent fires and wakes them to life, and petals, like red-hot embers, fall through the grating of the branches to the street below, where they are soon extinguished by the feet of passers-by.

Before we have lost sight of this glorious bower, our cab turns suddenly and plunges into a



THE FLOWER-GIRLS ARE SHY

domesticated jungle—the garden of the principal hotel of Honolulu. The garden is green, the hotel is blue, and this scheme of color pervades the institution ; for candor compels me to add that the cooks also are very green, and as a consequence the guests become thrice a day, at meal-times, extremely blue. This is where Hawaiian hospitality finds its noblest scope ; the traveler is almost certain to be asked out to dinner at least three times a week. We beamed with joy when our good friends took pity on us and blushed for very shame when we were served a second time to every course. There is no reason why this hotel should not be one of the most delightful in the western hemisphere. Its situation, structure, and appointments leave little to desire ; broad, cool verandas, spacious rooms, charming surroundings,—a touch of proper management would render it ideal. As it was, thanks to the invitations of kind friends—or, failing these, visits





THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL.



PUNCH-BOWL FROM THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL

the nearer slope of Punch-Bowl, nearer still the roofs of houses peeping through the tree-tops, and in the foreground that well-known structure, the Iolani Palace, once the abode of Royalty, now the Executive Building of the Republic of Hawaii.

to the neighboring ice-cream parlor—and the hospitality of the Pacific Club, we lived like Sybarites. Our first sight-seeing excursion, like that of every well-regulated tourist, has for its object a high place whence we may look down on Honolulu. We choose the tower of the Government Building, which commands an interesting panorama. Looking landward we see, far away, the verdurous mountains cleft by valleys, flooded with mist and vegetation—on the right,



IOLANI OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Above it waves the national emblem of the Islands, a flag that as it flutters resembles by turns the flag of England and the



HOTEL STREET.

flag of the United States, a most perplexing peculiarity. The explanation given us is plausible and simple.

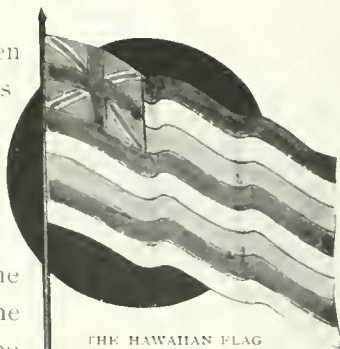
We are told that long years ago the king, Kamehameha, desirous that the new nation which had come into being



THE IOLANI PALACE

through his victories and his conquest of the entire archipelago, should have a flag of its own, chose from among the flags of all nations the one he thought the prettiest, — the one his people liked best, — and in his simple, head-

strong way, disregarding the unwritten copyright of nations, adopted the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of Hawaii. Strange that that grand old savage, who died more than eighty years ago, should have anticipated in this matter the will of the Hawaiian people of to-day, for the flag he chose as the prettiest flag was the very flag that is now waving above the territory of Hawaii. But to his great amazement, England protested against this adoption of the Stars and

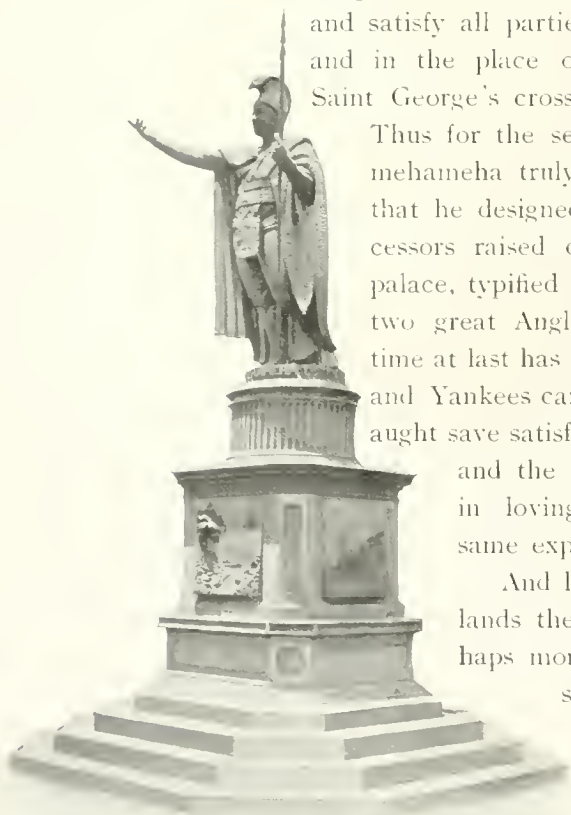


THE HAWAIIAN FLAG

Stripes, and so his majesty, eager to please and satisfy all parties, struck out the stars, and in the place of their blue field, set Saint George's cross, the British emblem.

Thus for the second time did old Kamehameha truly prophesy, for the flag that he designed, the flag that his successors raised over this their modern palace, typified the closer union of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. The time at last has come when Englishmen and Yankees can see, without a trace of aught save satisfaction, the Union Jack and the Red, White, and Blue, in loving juxtaposition on the same expanse of bunting.

And here in these Pacific Islands the Anglo-Saxon—or perhaps more properly the English-speaking—race now represents the intelligence and the culture of the land. The

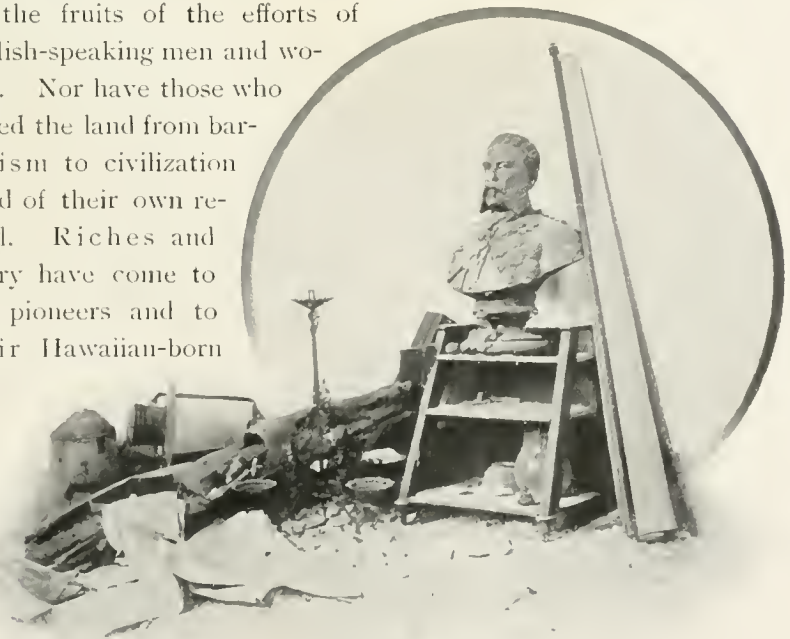


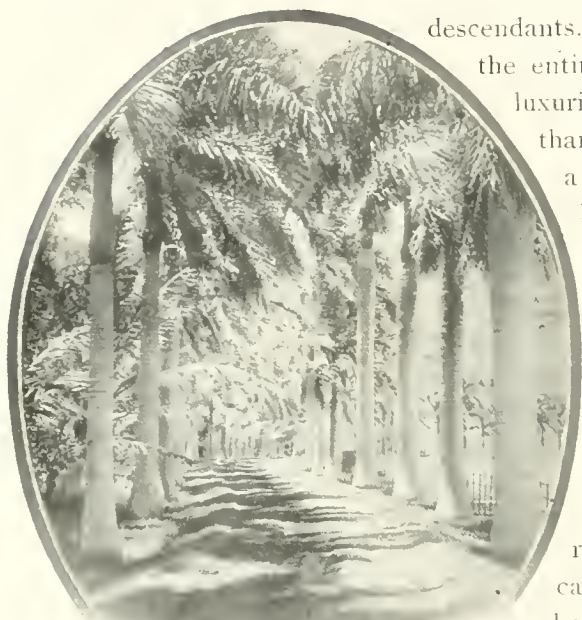
KAMEHAMEHA



TWO FLAGS—PAST AND FUTURE

Christianization, civilization, and present prosperity of Hawaii are the fruits of the efforts of English-speaking men and women. Nor have those who turned the land from barbarism to civilization failed of their own reward. Riches and luxury have come to the pioneers and to their Hawaiian-born





PALM-BORDERED AVENUES

descendants. No city of its size in the entire world boasts more luxurious, delightful homes than Honolulu. The very approaches to these homes are of almost regal beauty and dignity. Royal palms, like polished pillars, line the driveways, while overhead their plumes, resembling the old "kahilis," or emblems of Hawaiian royalty, sway majestically in the breeze. And who dwell in the mansions to which these column-bordered roads conduct? Is the occupant a native prince, or a throneless

queen? In one or two conspicuous cases, yes. But the majority of these ideal abodes belong to men and women of our race, to those who came in early days—some of them to harvest souls, others to harvest sugar-cane. One of these homes particularly fascinated me. The house was modest as a cottage; the unique and crowning splendor of the place consisted in a semicircular peristyle of Royal Palms, an architectural arrangement of majestic trees, than which I have never seen anything more thoroughly artistic and satisfying in any park or garden in the world. The merest native hut, fronted by this classic peristyle, of which the pillars were designed by nature, arranged by man, and polished, shaped, and perfected by the tropic sun and rain, would attain palatial

dignity. Each time I passed before the gate and read the sign announcing that this house and garden were for sale, I marveled that a hundred purchasers were not already clamoring at the door.

There is no end to the variety of Honolulu architecture, although it all reflects the influence of American design. One of the newest and most perfectly appointed homes, in which we were most hospitably entertained, was the home of an American family. The words "Hawaii" HAWAIIAN HOSPITALITY PERSONIFIED

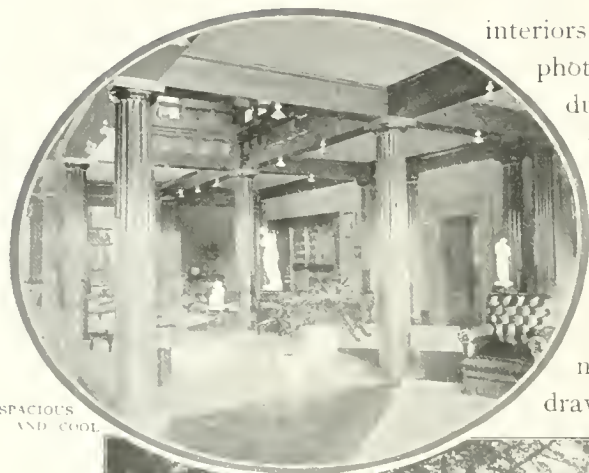
and "Hospitality" are to one who has visited this land, synonymous. Never in any corner of the globe, save in the foreign settlement in Yokohama, have I found a hospitality comparable to that of Honolulu in its spontaneity, its unaffected cordiality, in short, its genuine genuineness. Pardon the tautology: good, lawful English cannot express Hawaiian hospitality. Doors all stand open, there are no bells to ring. The visitor arrives, walks across the broad veranda, or lanai, and enters unannounced. My pictures

fail to do justice to one of

the most charming



THE BISHOP MUSEUM

SPACIOUS
AND COOL

interiors in Honolulu. The photographs were taken during the summer vacation-days, when all the little things that give a homelike touch are laid away. When we were first received in this unique apartment, a combination of drawing-room, lanai, and



A HONOLULU RESIDENCE

dining-hall, the fountain played in a miniature jungle of young palms, books, magazines, and illustrated papers lay upon desks and tables,—and beyond the Pompeiian pillars there awaited



COMFORT AND LIGHT

us a table spread with such delicacies as are never seen in colder climes. And think not, O starving stranger, when at the hotel thou eatest thy monotonous mullet and mutton three times daily and murmurest thy maledictions — that culinary art is alien to Honolulu.

One other home we must not fail to see, one famous for its



IN THE
AH FONG HOME



THE AH FONG VILLA

thirteen fair daughters, almond-eyed, accomplished, with the graces of the West and the mysterious charm of Oriental women. It is, of course, of the home of Mr. Ah Fong, the Chinese Croesus, that I now speak. But —

You have all heard the story of Mr. Ah Fong,
I'll retell it in verse, for it won't take me long : —

How from China he came with his brains and his hands,
How he landed, a poor man, on Hawaiian sands,
How he labored in cane-fields, then traded in fans,
How wealth beyond counting rewarded his plans.

How he married a lady, half native, half white,
How he reared thirteen daughters, all fair in men's sight,
How he gave them each fortunes in strong-boxes tight,
How he wearied of Hawaii and vanished from sight.

How he went back to China with only one son,
To begin life anew with old wife number one,
How his Hawaiian family live here to this day,
Rich, happy, resigned, and distinctly *au fait*.

But, seriously, this family about whom so much has been written are charming people, and although I had not the privilege of meeting any of the thirteen Misses Ah Fong,



BEFORE THE FIRE.



AFTER THE FIRE

I know that they are not less popular nor less hospitable than their fair Anglo-Saxon rivals. When warships are in port, the Ah Fong home becomes a sort of club for naval officers, two of whom there lost their hearts and found their life companions among the heiresses of Mr. Ah Fong's millions.

The business world of Honolulu, in which the Chinese merchant was a most conspicuous figure, is centered in five or six squares of modern stores and offices. When on King Street the traveler can easily imagine himself in the business district of a small American town; he sees familiar articles exposed for sale, reads signs that he has read before, meets people like the people whom he knows at home. Even the policeman, although a native, is a reminder, in his uniform and manner, of our gallant Hibernian defenders. We may find in half a dozen drug-stores sizzling soda-water fountains where soft ice-cream and soapy froth are doled out by a Japanese or Chinese clerk; we may buy in book-stores San Francisco papers, in files of seven or eight copies, the latest copy bearing a date that has already drifted a full



THE NEW ELECTRIC CARS—1901

week into the past. The war, of course, wrought havoc with the postal service, the steamers being all taken by the government to transport our troops to far-away Manila, but although the regular service was interrupted, ships came in swift succession loaded down with gallant Boys in Blue to the wharves of Honolulu. And how they were welcomed! Recent history affords no parallel to the unbounded hospitality and enthusiasm manifested by the people of Hawaii to these, our soldier boys. Scarce has the approach of a transport fleet been signaled ere half the



By permission

TRANSPORTS FOR MANILA

population, white, brown, and yellow, is massed along the water front. As the transports near, cheers are exchanged and flags are waved. The bands on shore play the Star-Spangled Banner, the bands on board retort with the Hawaiian anthem. Then as the ships swing broadside on, the people on the wharf bombard the unarmed Boys in Blue with harmless, welcome missiles. The ship is met by a most terrific storm of shells—cocoa-



MARCHING TO WAIKIKI

nut shells ; a rain of grape-shot—real luscious grapes, shot from eager hands ; volleys of mangoes, broadsides of bananas, followed by scattering discharges of pineapples and papayas ; and the boys hurl back, between the luscious mouthfuls, broadsides of cheers of gratitude.

Then later in the day, a thousand men or more are marched to the bathing-beaches about four miles from town. Cheered by the populace, followed by children of every age

and color, stared at by Chinamen and Japanese and natives, who thus receive an object-lesson in the strength of the United States, our boys march on at a swinging pace, happy to have escaped from the ships in which they have been stowed like bales of merchandise for seven days and to which they must return to remain in crowded confinement for thirty days or more. Arrived at Waikiki, blue uniforms are doffed and soon the beach is alive with pale bodies, topped by sun-burned faces; but as the supply of bathing-suits numbers two hundred, and as there are a thousand bathers, we fear that unless a miracle like unto that of the loaves and fishes

be immediately performed, the multitude will be but sparsely clad. After the bath we march back with the boys along the road from Waikiki; like them we look in admiration at the tall palm-trees, the most charming feature of the Honolulu landscapes. To me they seemed to be always angry, always contending with the trade-winds, or defying one another. Travelers have compared



RETURNING FROM THE BATH



VOLUNTEERS AT WAIKIKI



ANGRY-LOOKING PALMS

them to a grove of damaged umbrellas, or to feather dusters struck by lightning. But while we have been following processions, the people of Honolulu have been busy with preparations for a banquet of almost four thousand covers ; and at two o'clock the grounds of the Executive Building present a scene of which the pictures can give

but a faint notion. Under the shady trees and the hastily erected trellises, half a mile or more of tables have been spread, loaded with good things for the hungry soldiers.



HEROES TO BE.



A FEAST FOR THREE THOUSAND

For days the pie-committee has been baking wholesale home-made pies ; for days the beverage-committee has been grinding coffee, brewing pop and ginger ale ; other committees



HONOLULU SOCIETY

have worked with equal zeal to make this banquet a success. The prettiest girls in Honolulu act as waitresses, the wives of high officials and of diplomats take command of Asiatic cooks and stewards. All Honolulu is assembled to honor the men who go to fight our battles.

And as after the feast we watch the troops passing in review before the President of the Republic and his staff, let me add that had the luncheon lasted longer than it did, there could have been no review at all. The rate at which the brass buttons of the boys were being amputated by the souvenir-seeking daughters of Hawaii, promised to necessitate a speedy withdrawal of the troops lest, utterly despoiled of buttons, their uniforms fall off. Then other waitresses collected autographs, using for albums the thin wooden plates on which the tropic fruit was served. And many of the Boys in Blue swore that when the cruel war was over, they would return and settle down for life in Honolulu.

The freedom of the entire town was given to the troops.

Free street-car rides,
free ice-cream
soda, free beers
at two saloons,
free baths
and gospel
meetings at
the Y. M.
C. A., and
full liberty to
strip the trees
of their fruits
and flowers were
among the privi-
leges granted to the



THE FIRST ATTACK

men. It is a fact well worthy of record that of the thousands of young Americans, turned loose after a week's captivity on shipboard not one abused these privileges. Dozens of pretty girls patrolled the streets, carrying floral garlands. They decorated every soldier whom they met, hanging a lei around his neck or fixing crowns of flowers on his head.



PASSING IN REVIEW

And this unheard-of exhibition of good-will was not a unique instance. Three expeditions met with a like reception while we were in Hawaii; and Honolulu stood prepared, with money gladly offered, and with innate loving-kindness, to speed the coming regiments upon their way, or to care for the sick and helpless in her Red Cross Hospital. In all she



IN FLORAL CHAINS

welcomed and feasted no fewer than twenty thousand men. And this in defiance of all precedent in international law. Hawaii, the tiniest of the nations dared, even before the news of Dewey's victory, to declare that, annexation or no annexation, the troops of the

United States should find a haven and a welcome here.

But we must turn to those things which are of paramount interest to travelers who visit Honolulu at less exciting seasons. First there is the traditional excursion to the Pali, the historic precipice at the head of Nuuanu Valley, a little more than six miles from the sea and about twelve hundred feet above it. We have come up through a verdant valley until, suddenly emerging from the gap between tall green-clad pinnacles of rock, we find ourselves upon



THE FIRST PETS OF THE LOCAL RED CROSS

the verge of an abyss from which a wind of such great violence sweeps up that, were a suicide to leap out into space, he would undoubtedly be tossed back upon the road as by the fury of a mighty wave of the ocean.



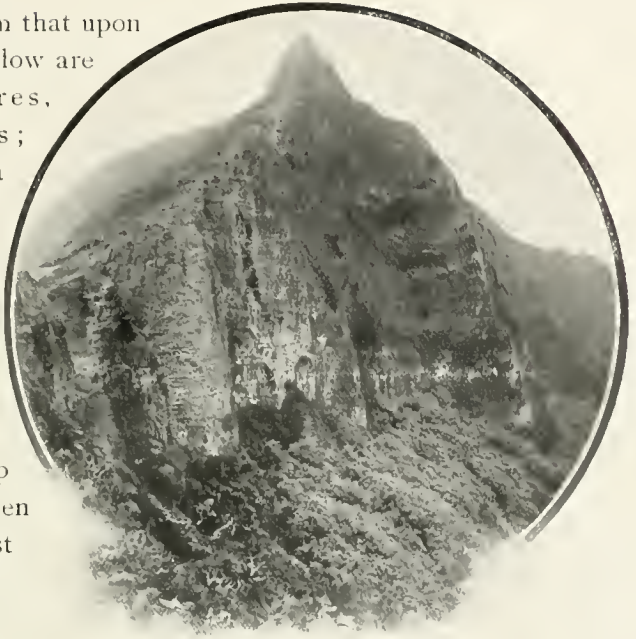
THE WAY TO THE PALI

So impressive is the scene that travelers do not often speak while gazing upon it; in fact, they dare not. Some one has said: "If you open your mouth at the Pali, you can't shut it again until you get in the lee of something,—the wind blows so hard."

This Pali is the scene of the most dramatic event recorded in Hawaiian history. Here in 1795 the great conqueror, Kamehameha, defeated the warriors of the King of Oahu, and they, in desperation, leaped from the Pali rather than live to see their island subjugated.

The new road, to the parapet of which we cling while the wind tugs fiercely at us, leads down into a strange, silent

world, different from that upon the other side. Below are rice-fields, pastures, mills, and villages; beyond, the blue sea is dovetailed into the green and tessellated shores. Few travelers descend into this peaceful world despite the fact that the old trail, so steep and cruel, has been replaced by the finest modern road in all the island; most are content to look down upon it wistfully, and then releasing



THE PALI

their hold upon the parapet, they are blown ignominiously back through the gateway into Nuuanu Valley. I defy an archbishop or a crowned head to look dignified while in the grasp of the riotous breezes of the Pali. Pursued by the importunate winds we hasten back to Honolulu. Viewed from a height the city itself appears submerged in a sea of verdure, from which arise the spires of the churches, the lighthouses of the land. The roofs of other structures float like giant whales amid the waves of green, while in the distance, like a small volcanic island, the extinct crater of Diamond Head lifts its scarred, savage form. And yonder, near the base of Diamond Head, is Waikiki, where, as the poet says:—

“The cocoa, with its crest of palms,
Stands sentry round the crescent shore.”

And the word "Waikiki" recalls to us, as to almost every traveler, delightful reminiscences. As we find ourselves amid the cocoa-palms at Waikiki, we understand why this delightful suburb is considered a sort of subdivision of Paradise. Beautiful villas line the beach or hide themselves amid the tropic verdure of the gardens bordering the wide and dusty road; along this road invalid street-cars crawl, reminding one of poor consumptives exiled to this land of perfect days in order to prolong their lives. But Waikiki is



HONOLULU FROM PACIFIC HEIGHTS

not entirely given up to the homes of wealth and luxury; it is as well a paradise for the mixed Asiatic population, and here young China and Japan are seen in all their sweet simplicity.

Mark Twain has told us of seeing here "certain smoke-dried children, clothed in nothing but sunshine—a very neat-fitting and picturesque apparel indeed." Here, also, are the rice-fields tilled by patient Orientals, and here are the taro patches, where the natives grow their favorite vegetable.

A word about the indispensable taro plant and its uses may be in order here; for the root of this plant is the staple



THE WIND-SWEPT PASS OF THE FALL



A DISTRUSTFUL GLANCE

article of food for the native population. The root resembles a corpulent sweet potato; when cooked, it rapidly assumes a purplish, mildewed look. After this it is mashed and mixed with water until a sort of dingy, paper-hanger's paste is formed. This cold, thick soup

is set aside and fermentation soon begins. And this sour, semi-fermented,



LOOKING TOWARD WAIKIKI



Photograph by Professor Henshaw

ASIATIC INFANTS

great gusto. But we must here digress to remark that while one of these poi-fed heathen in the picture seems to be smilingly telling us that his mother used Wool Soap, another little chap dares not look up, because his mama didn't. To return to our poi.

You must know that it is most nutritious; it is said that one square mile of taro patch will feed fifteen thousand natives for a year. The man who is the owner of forty square feet of taro land need take no thought for the morrow; only an

mushy, mildewy, mass of lavender matter is the famous "poi," the favorite food of the Hawaiian people. It appeals as well to the adopted children of the land, and the traveler may see youthful Orientals dipping their fingers into pails of poi with



Photograph by Professor Henshaw

SUGGESTS WOOL SOAP

hour's work per day, and the great problem of existence is solved for him, and he is free to spend the other twenty-three hours of the tropic day and night in happy idleness. But while the natives sing away the hours, the thrifty Japanese and the industrious Chinese is slowly but surely possessing himself of the heritage of the Kanaka. The Asiatic can live on as little as the native, but while the one is lazy the other is indefatigable and profits doubly by the bounty of Dame Nature.



DIAMOND HEAD FROM PACIFIC HEIGHTS

It is said that the Hawaiian people numbered 400,000 when the islands were discovered, and to-day there are scarcely thirty thousand of them left. Fifteen years ago there were not a hundred Japanese in the islands. To-day Japan is represented by 25,000 of her hardworking peasants and her shrewd business men. China has sent more than twenty thousand pig-tailed natives hither. Fifteen thousand Portuguese are now competing with them.

While we pass a typical Hawaiian home,— the home that has supplanted the primitive grass hut, we cannot but fear that



Photograph by Professor Henshaw

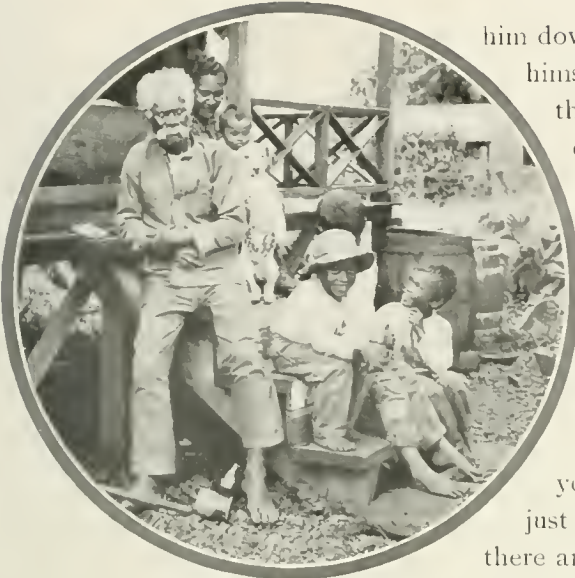
CELESTIAL CONTEMPLATION

the leisure-loving native is doomed. He flourished like the vegetation of his island so long as he was left to grow his taro, pick his mango, and idly repose. There was no necessity for labor. Then the white man came with his doctrine of activity, whereupon

for the first time the curse of Cain descended on this happy land. The islander did not resist ; one by one he simply laid



A HAWAIIAN HOME

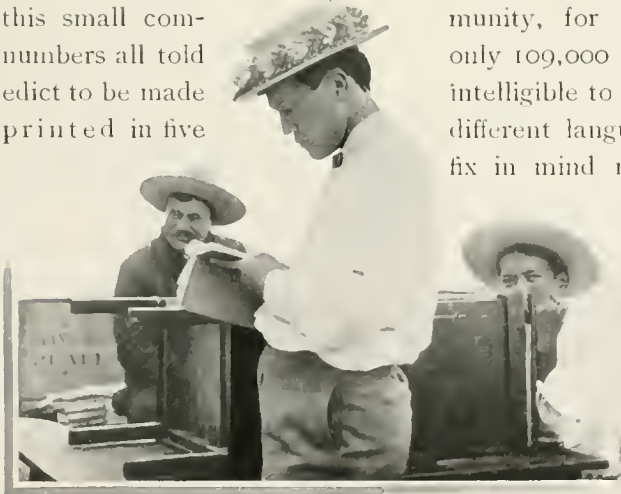


KANAKA FAMILY

him down to die ; he will revenge himself by disappearing from the earth where he no longer feels at home. Within another century there may not be one of these pure-blooded islanders to raise the cry, "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." Since 1853 the nation has decreased one-half. Fifty short years ago there were living just twice as many natives as there are to-day. Are not these

startling facts? Two deaths to every birth. Truly, there never was a land that stood in greater need of immigration that its daily work might be done, that its destinies might be guided by wise, thoughtful men. The Orient supplies the needed hands, America the brains. And brains are surely this small community all told edict to be made printed in five

necessary wisely to rule munity, for although it only 109,000 souls, every intelligible to all must be different languages. To fix in mind more firmly



A TYPICAL HAWAIIAN



THE WAY TO WAIKIKI

This mixed population, scattered over the eight inhabited islands of the group, has been as clay in the hands of a few hundred wide-awake American potters. The New England missionaries found Hawaii in 1820 a savage pagan despotism ; with the potter's wheel of Christianity they molded it into a law-abiding Christian monarchy ; and, this less crude



THE NEW MOANA HOTEL, WAIKIKI, 1901

vessel having served its time, they who had formed it broke it; and then with the cement of expediency they put together its shattered pieces in the form of a republic and gave it into the care of a most admirable man, who by his wise and zealous guardianship has won the world's respect; and finally, lest aliens should lay rough hands upon this carefully reformed and restored piece of pottery so delicate and unprotected, its guardians sent it as a gift to a rich and power-



THE NEW MOANA HOTEL FROM THE PIER

ful relative, a certain Uncle Sam, who had recently developed a passion for "insular ceramics"; and Uncle Sam, enthusiastic collector that he is now become, has placed this beautiful Pacific specimen securely on the shelves of his National Museum, to rest in definite security forever side by side with other lovely tropic curios recently acquired in the Caribbean and the China Seas.

But let us now make the acquaintance of our new fellow-citizens of our own race, whose dwellings line the shore at Waikiki. Never shall I forget the entertainment that was here offered us one perfect afternoon. We often speak of unique entertainments. How many times in life does one

attend an entertainment that is in truth unique or even novel? Scarce once in twenty years ; yet among our experiences in Hawaii we can count two that are unparalleled. We were one day invited to a Poi luncheon, a native feast, or *luau* with the natives and discomforts all eliminated. The scene of the affair was the lanai of a residence at Waikiki. The lanai is the one necessary feature of a Hawaiian residence ; there is no absolute need of a house with rooms, or halls or parlors,—but a broad, open space, roofed with a trellis, carpeted with mats, furnished with reclining-chairs, hammocks, and a well-stocked sideboard is the soul-center of the typical Hawaiian home. It is the simplest, cheapest, and most supremely luxurious institution ever devised by man in the name of comfort. Man has but to choose the spot, do a little simple carpentry, plant a tree and a vine, and Nature will soon transform the wooden skeleton into a bower of delight and beauty. Well, it was in such a leafy-roofed apartment that a merry company one day sat down to watch two strangers struggle with the fearful mysteries of a native feast, which to the unaccustomed eye looks like a gastronomic nightmare. I shall not try to tell you what we ate, though I may gather courage soon to tell you how



WAIKIKI

we ate the very various and uncommon, but distinctly toothsome novelties that were heaped before us on a table that resembled a huge bank of fresh green ferns. The natives sit upon the ground to feast, but we are spared this added embarrassment and give our whole attention to the seemingly impossible task of eating the weird things prepared to give our foreign palates many a shock of surprise. First, there is poi,—in calabashes made of cocoanut shells. We wash



A LU'AU

our fingers in a proffered basin and, like our experienced fellow-feasters, deftly plunge two fingers into the sticky mess. It is like caressing a bowl of warm lavender ice-cream that is on the point of dissolution. Instinctively we draw our fingers out again, but lo! each one is poulticed with a thick coat of poi; which, ere it drips and drops, must be transported in safety through the air, conveyed to a reluctant mouth, and introduced to a rebellious palate.

We therefore try to imitate the other guests. We wave our poi-daubed fingers in the air, describing first an S and then a figure eight. This maneuver with the others brings the poi to their expectant lips; but executed by our unpracticed hands, it leaves us at its conclusion with the poi adorning our cravats or rubbed into our eyes. My friend, to cover his confusion, picks up and eats complacently a little bean-like *hors d'œuvre*—which proves to be a pepper of the hottest breed—and the contortions in which he then in-



AT THE RACES—WAIKIKI

dulges make even the calm-faced Japanese mosquito-chasers smile bland, Oriental smiles. Thus having at one fell swoop done our very worst, we boldly attack the other viands with our clumsy fingers, and find much genuine enjoyment in violating every rule of table etiquette. But everything tasted good, and even the assurance that the meat which we thought to be delicious young pig, was nothing less than a succulent slice of a poi-fattened dog, could not thereafter disconcert us, for we did not credit that assurance.

But let me now present our host and hostess—the gallant Marshal of the Islands, in his uniform of snowy duck,

and his charming wife, who raises her glass as if to drink a toast to speedy annexation. But this toast is not even proposed; courtesy forbids; for in the place of honor at the Marshal's right sits a young girl to whom annexation means the abandonment of hope, the end of her dream of royalty. Princess Kaiulani, niece of the ex-queen and heiress to the throne of Hawaii, sits there in friendly converse with those who, had it not been for the mistakes of Liliuokalani, would have been compelled to bend the knee to her as subjects. As it is, she is queen in the hearts of many, although her disappointments and sorrows have tinged her character with just a shade of bitterness, for it is difficult to be resigned to a career so different from that which fortune promised. During the eight years of her school-life in England, she was received as a princess and an equal by the royal family of England;

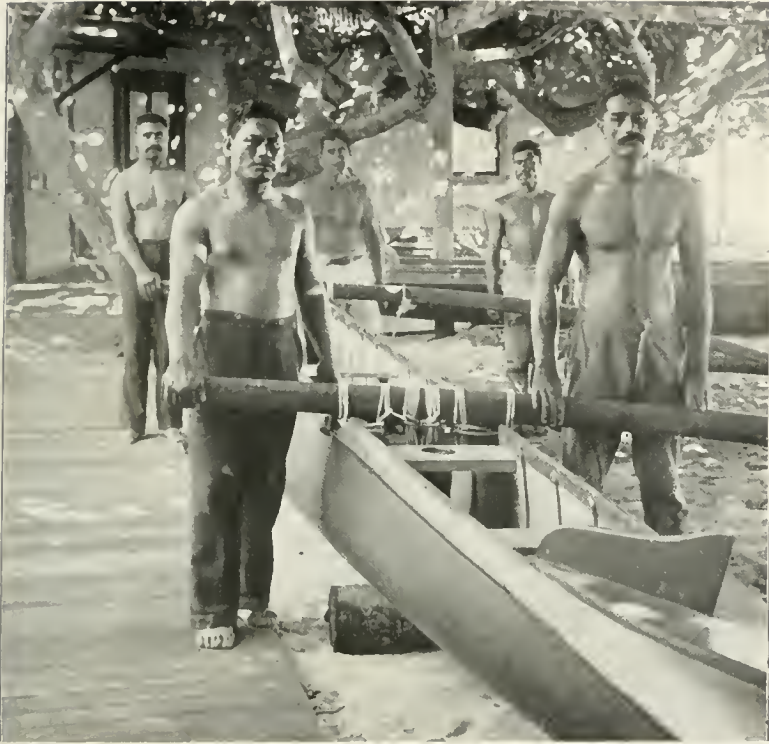


A SURFING PARTY



Photograph by Davey

PRINCESS KAIULANI



SURF CANOES

the throne of Hawaii was to be hers in time ; the revenues of the crown lands were to be hers to do with as she wished. She was to be a queen. Then came the bloodless revolution, and Princess Kaiulani returns to find herself merely the daughter of a Scotch gentleman, to find her revenues reduced from a royal privy-purse of a hundred thousand a year to a meager pension of \$3,000, sparingly granted by the new republic. It is not possible to meet a throneless queen, especially if she be twenty-two years old and pretty, and not become a rabid royalist.

But to return to our interrupted feast. The luau is ended. What we have eaten we have eaten ; peace be unto it ! be it pig or dog, for without question it was appetizing. The

afternoon hours are soon wafted into a regretted past on the wings of music and song. Native musicians chant and strum their *ukalalis*, the guests join in the soft refrains, until at last the host and hostess give the signal, and all hands disappear into the bathing houses, to don the costume which is used when Honolulu society pays the daily visit to their grand old neighbor, Father Neptune. All reappear in bathing suits, but each retains the lei of flowers, as a token that festivities are not yet over. In fact, the best is still to come. This is to be no ordinary swimming party, no casual daily dip in the cool blue ocean, which here almost invades the drawing-room. There's better, newer fun in store for us—we are to ride the surf in native boats—a water-sport more thrilling, more delightful than anything ever devised by man in civilized lands. Surf-riding is the sport par excellence

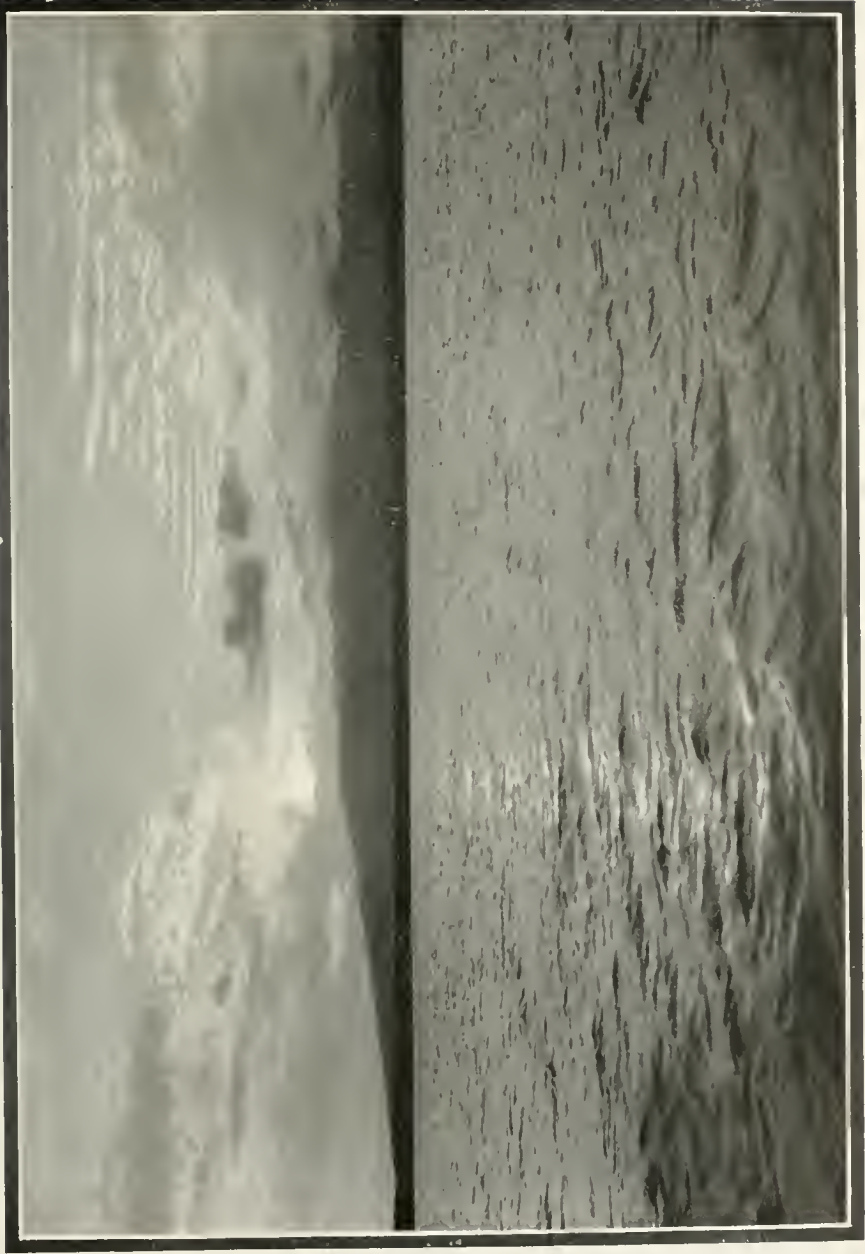
with Polynesians.

The boatmen who so promptly appear to make ready the Marshal's little fleet of five canoes, are pictures of Hawaiian physical perfection and seem as eager as young boys to begin their welcome and exhilarating labors.

A word about the boats in which we are to receive more real concen-



THE MARSHAL'S FLEET



PEARL HARBOR

trated pleasure than usually falls to the lot of man in a single afternoon. They are very long and very narrow, but there is scarce a possibility of their capsizing, for the heavy outriggers, fixed to the extremities of the curving beams, will keep us safely right-side up. Our canoes are quickly launched, and with all hands on board, speed swiftly, furiously out to sea, propelled by paddles wielded by strong bronze arms. Five happy boat-loads race far out to meet the huge incoming breakers; then when we reach the place where the grand ocean-swells come rolling in like smooth, watery mountain-ranges, we pause and wait, allowing fluid Catskills and liquid Alleghanies to glide past us, for we are waiting for the Rockies or the Himalayas. At last there comes a range of billows worthy of our crews, who raise a wild shout. "Hoi, Hoi, Hoi," the boatmen howl, and this word is taken up in shrill cries by the women; then all hands paddle frantically shorewards until the boat attains the proper speed—a speed that permits the towering wall of water to overtake the canoe and lift up the stern. From that moment we are the toy and plaything of that shoreward-moving ridge of water. Our little bark tries to slide down and away, but the huge curler follows us so fast that our relative positions remain the same, and on we rush together, wave pushing boat and boat gliding down wave at a speed of thirty miles an hour. We literally slide down hill on an advancing chute of water for more than half a mile. Each second we expect to see the chasing,



THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

foaming palisade, upon the face of which the canoe is held as by some mysterious attraction, overwhelm us; yet it does not, and thus we are hurled forward, always about to be overtaken, always escaping in the nick of time. And mingled with the roar of waters are the cries of the riders, half crazed with delight. There before me is the Princess Kaiulani, her face aglow with excitement, shouting and paddling frantically, her eyes flashing with the wild pleasure of it all,



SHORE OF FRARI HARBOR

as doubtless the eyes of her princely ancestors flashed in the days when surfing was exclusively a royal sport. So thrilling is it all that we forget the beach until with a sudden broad stroke of the paddle our helmsman swings us out of the grip of the curler, which hisses angrily beneath our keel and rushes to its death upon the glittering sands.

Then out we race for another and another of these exhilarating dashes. And while waiting there near the reef, for waves worthy of our mettle, all hands plunge overboard, and the sea around the canoes is alive with human porpoises,



HONOLULU HARBOR

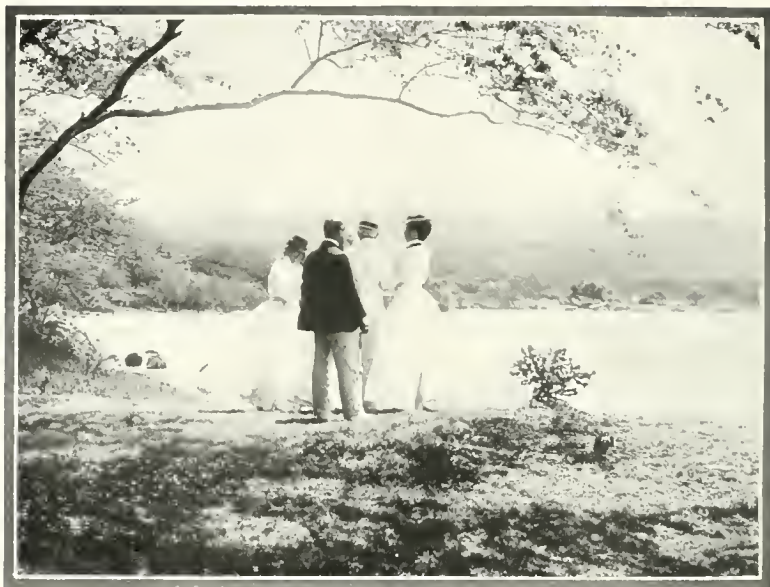
until at the cry of "Hoi!" again, all clamber in and paddle and yell and thrill with the very joy of living. What if one boat was swamped by a huge breaker?—the passengers feel more at home in water, and the women float about complacently until men have skilfully baled out the long and slender craft. What if we did learn on returning to the Marshal's that a shark had been seen cruising inside the reef?—we know that we have added to our store of happy days one that was worth the journey of eight thousand miles.

The apparition of the shark suggested to other friends the second unique entertainment to which we were bidden,—a real shark-hunting expedition. A few days later we found ourselves at sunset cruising in the calm waters of Pearl Harbor. As the haunt of man-eating sharks and as the scene of many an exciting chase, Pearl Harbor is famous in



SHARK HUNTERS

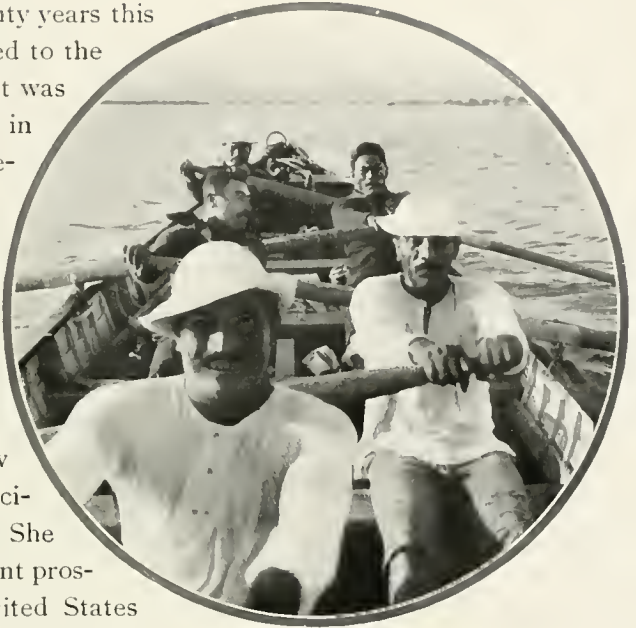
Hawaii; but it has, as we know, a wider fame, as the only available site for a naval station in all that vast watery desert between California and Asia, between Alaska and the Antarctic seas. It is not only the sole safe harbor of Hawaii, it is as perfectly adapted to the needs of a modern naval power as if it had been planned and dredged and blasted out by naval engineers. The entrance is seven miles west of Honolulu; a channel a third of a mile in width gives access to an inland lake, six miles by three, divided into four calm lochs by two peninsulas and a pretty



OUR FUTURE NAVAL HARBOR

island. The water is from five to ten fathoms deep; in many places men-of-war could be moored immediately alongside the coral bluffs, in seven fathoms of clear water. No hurricanes can reach this haven, no malaria broods upon the shores by night; there is abundant water from artesian wells, and Honolulu is but twenty minutes distant by the railway. The removal of a sandbar, a very simple proposition, will transform these almost virgin waters into the grandest, safest, and most attractive harbor in the world. Nature apparently foresaw the destiny of these Pearl Lochs, for she has wisely built a coral belt, two and one-half miles wide between the inner lochs and the sea; then to prevent the landing of an enemy — to force an attacking fleet to abandon strategy, to compel it to transact its business at the fortified front-door, she has concealed beneath the fawning breakers, far out at sea, a deadly coral-reef, which may be passed only by ships that steer directly for the harbor entrance.

For more than twenty years this harbor has belonged to the United States, for it was granted us in 1876, in exchange for the remission of duties on Hawaiian sugar. And as we look upon the waters, charmed to slumber by the moon, we remember that Hawaii was not slow to profit by the Reciprocity Treaty. She owes to it her present prosperity ; but the United States has not yet seen fit to dredge



THE WHALEBOAT CREW

out a few thousand tons of sand, and thus open to its ships the grandest refuge in the western hemisphere. Let us hope the future will soon see our fleets at anchor in this ideal harbor.

Our errand here is not a peaceful one. We come to make war on the monsters of the deep. Our fighting fleet consists of a stanch whaleboat, manned by a native crew, and a small sailing-yacht in which about a score of ladies and gentlemen are whiling away the afternoon with music. As dusk approaches, the disconcerting fact transpires that the bait has been forgotten, and hence a detachment of amateur marines is detailed to effect a landing and secure at any cost some tempting piece of flesh, be it a Kanaka baby or a poi-fed dog. The party wades ashore, attacks a native settlement, captures a poor white goat, and the brute, as if it had, like men, a foreknowledge of death, is so loud in its complaints and protests that we fear that it will



OUR CATCH

certainly frighten the sharks away. Even while we picnic at sunset on the shore, the lamentations of that goat break in now and again upon the sweet soft music with

which our native servants strive to charm us. But finally its voice is stilled, and a few hours later we find ourselves floating between sea and sky at the gateway of Pearl Harbor, ready to make it interesting for the man-eaters of the deep. The four quarters of the musical goat now dangle on huge hooks, deep in the waters at the extremities of



BRINGING THE SHARK-BAIT



TWELVE FEET FOUR INCHES



AT DR. MCGREW'S

four long lines, and here and there the moonlight shows us on the surface of the sea spots that are red—not blue. Patience is the first qualification of the successful shark fisher, but with our happy company the hours glide by with merry swiftness, and it is half-past

one in the morning before we cease to talk and begin to seek for soft boards on which to lie and doze. We have decided that as a jolly picnic our excursion is a huge success, but as for sharks—they are a myth. We have forgotten them, and soon all hands are fast asleep. And then, of course, when nobody was looking, we got a bite, and there followed a moment of excitement we shall not soon forget. At two o'clock one of the ropes snaps taut, three men take hold, and haul in with a will, two or three shrieks of excitement rise from the ladies, a crowding of all hands to the port side follows; there is a glimpse of some huge thing now black, now white, struggling alongside, churning the water to foam. Then three shots from a repeating Winchester are fired point-blank into that vortex of flesh and blood and foam, then more spasmodic struggles, and then a brief deceptive calm, during which we on our hands and knees lean over and examine the still palpitating body of our victim. Later, we measured him, and he was 12 feet 4 inches long.

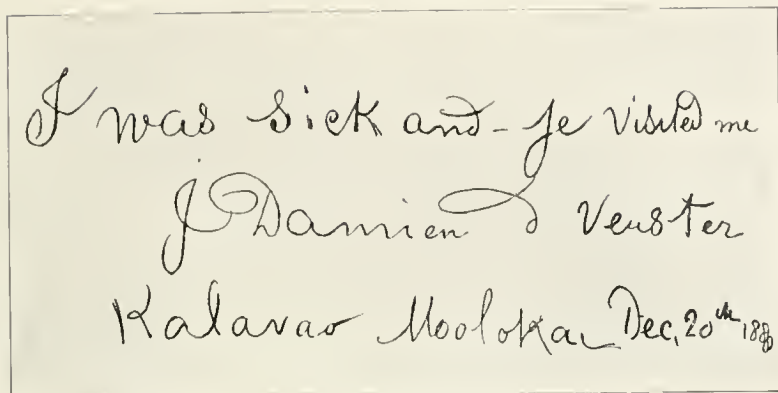
One of the crew rashly attempted to fix a rope around the shark. This woke him to new life, and even after he has been firmly moored alongside, life lingers in the perforated carcass for two hours or more; and every now and then the yacht is shaken, and the sleeping guests disturbed

by the monster in his supreme fight with death. All night we lie on the hard decks, hoping to live again those moments of excitement, but other sharks are shy, and when the sun comes up, it finds our three other lines untouched, and the poor mortals who have watched all night uncomfortable and hollow-eyed, but happy, hungry, and content.

And after a sunrise picnic on the shore we cruise away and make a Sunday-morning call at one of the delightful summer homes that border on the shores of our future naval harbor. We are received by a man, than whom no one has done more to bring about the annexation of the Islands to the United States, for Dr. McGrew, our host, is called the "Father of Annexation," and, more than this, he is one of the most kindly and delightful old gentlemen between America and Asia. Could he have had his way, we should be still enjoying his hospitality, and through his aid discovering other charms of the island of Oahu. But we may not linger; we must now sail away toward the other islands that lie just out of sight across the summer sea. We have not time to do full justice to any one of the eight islands, and I must here beg the indulgence of those who may find that I have left unvisited the places in which they are most interested. A comprehensive lecture on Hawaii would occupy five times the



FATHER DAMIEN



I was sick and - ye visited me
J. Damien S. Veuster
Kalaupoo Molokai Dec. 20th 1889

IN FATHER DAMIEN'S HAND

space here given and then leave untouched many interesting and picturesque sites and situations.

As we sail this midnight ocean, we see again upon the dim horizon the shape of Molokai, the leper island, and from out the darkness there shines forth a vision of that face, the radiance of which for more than sixteen years illuminated that place of living death. The sacrifice of Father Damien, the Belgian priest, focused the sympathy of the world upon that awful ocean-girded plague-spot. He was called by Stevenson, "The man who shut with his own hands the door of his own sepulcher." And as we read, written by that same hand, the words by which his life was ruled, we remember that it was in 1876 that he joined the community of the social dead, and as a leper dwelt with his repulsive brethren; that in 1889 he was translated from hideous Molokai to the place of eternal beauty and eternal peace. His earthly work was taken up quietly and unostentatiously by his brother, Father Pamfile, and Father Sutton, an American Catholic priest, men not less saintly, if less widely famed.

Banishing from mind the sacrifice at once so noble and so horrible, we sail on across this tropic ocean, where moonlight showers pass like filmy specters, like ghostly

messengers, 'twixt isle and isle, 'twixt sky and sea. We are nearing now the isle of Mani, famous for its cane-fields, its verdant valleys, and its desert leeward slopes, but, above all, famous for its great extinct volcano, the largest volcanic crater in the world, called by the natives, Haleakala: "The Palace of the Sun." And it is our intent to surprise the Monarch of Brightness ere he leaves his bed. We are resolved to reach his royal chamber ere he wakes.

I shall not dwell upon the prosaic preparations for ascent nor on the gloomily poetic all-night ride on horseback up the cruelly rugged slope that rears itself 10,000 feet directly from these waves. Suffice it that after a night of exertion, fatigue, and bitter cold, we stand at last upon the threshold of the sun's abiding-place and watch the waking of the sleeping Lord of Light. And —strange illusion!—we are at an elevation of almost two miles above the sea, upon the very topmost crag of the volcanic island, and yet it seems as if we were at the bottom of a bowl as big as half the universe. Just as the sky appears to form a dome above us, so do the earth and sea appear to form an inverted dome beneath us, and the circumferences of the two meet at the horizon, which apparently is on a level with our present plane of altitude. And this illusion has been noted by nearly every traveler who has stood upon this magic mountain at this magic hour. Of

course, photography here falls pitifully short. This ridge em-

braces the dead crater of Haleakala, with a broad sweep of twenty miles or more. The crater is a half mile in depth, and there rise a



OUR MAUI "SPECIAL"



CRATER OF HALEAKALA

score of cinder cones from its floor, mouths of the inferno that countless ages ago raged there beneath. The lips of those gaping mouths are red and parched, the mark of fire is upon all that we see, the redness and the blackness of desolation are the tones that dominate in this gloomy but impressive picture. But lift your eyes from the cloud-haunted depths, and gaze afar to the south. There you will see two grand imposing outlines, the dim enormous shapes of the two huge mountains on the great southern-



HALEAKALA FROM THE SEA

most island of the archipelago — Hawaii. The famous Mauna Loa rises on the right, the equally stupendous Mauna Kea, on the left. These two volcanoes are nearly fourteen thousand feet in height. Their craters rise four thousand feet higher in the heavenly seas than Haleakala. Between us and the nearer of them are fifty miles of space; the further one is over seventy miles away.

A few days later we are cruising round their bases. The leeward coast of Hawaii offers us calmer cruising, and several interesting landings, notably that in Kealahou Bay, where a monument in honor of the old navigator, Captain Cook,

recalls the dramatic story of his discovery of the islands and his tragic death here on this very spot. It was in 1777 that the old explorer, sailing for the South Seas to the coast of North America, touched the Hawaiian Islands. His was the first English-speaking crew to land upon these shores, having been preceded only by the Spaniards, for Juan Gaetano, the real discoverer, had set the archipelago upon a Spanish



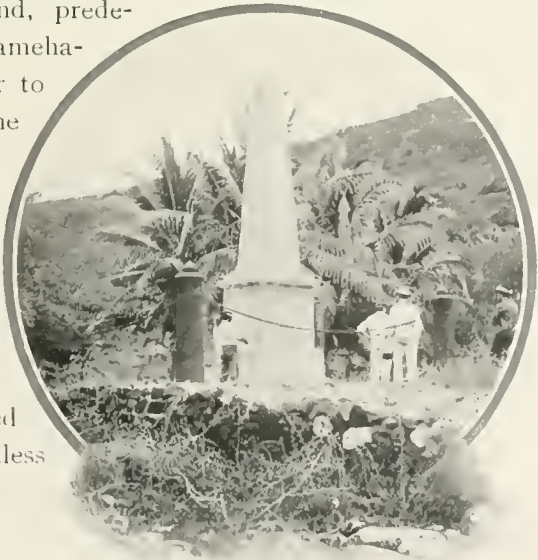
*SUNRISE FROM THE SUMMIT

chart more than two hundred years before. In the meantime, however, no white man had been seen; and when the natives went forth in their huge war-canoes and beheld the pale-faced strangers on board the ships of Captain Cook, they said: "At last the prophecy has been fulfilled! Our great god Lono, who departed from us ages ago, has now returned, according to his promise; for he said: 'I will return in after time upon a floating island.'" And, there-



CINDER CONES OF HALEAKALA

fore, they received Cook as a god, made sacrifices to him, loaded down his ships with gifts and propitiatory offerings. The King of the island, predecessor of the great Kamehameha, hastened thither to render homage. The high priest led their sacred guest to the ancient temple, and there he was worshiped by king and priests and people. His deification, however, resulted disastrously. He played the part of a too ruthless



WHERE CAPTAIN COOK WAS KILLED

and too exacting god; then when one of his followers was indiscreet enough to die on shore, doubts arose as to the immortality of these unreasonable deities; and finally, the strangers having violated many sacred places and broken the strict "tabus," or prohibitions, hostilities began, and in a petty skirmish near the shore the splendid career of the great navigator was cut short by a thrust from an angry native.



KEALAKEKUA BAY

As we linger on this now peaceful shore of Kealakekua Bay, where the arrival of our steamer has brought together the inhabitants from miles around, let me add a word of explanation about the meaning of the word "tabu." In the old pagan days the chiefs and priests were as gods to the common people, and their system of tabus, or prohibitions, helped to perpetuate their power and insure them in the enjoyment of their supreme position. It was declared tabu, or unlawful, to remain standing at mention of the

king's name, to cross his shadow, or that of his house, to occupy a position higher than the king's head. The penalty for breaking these tabus was death. Then there were other special temporary tabus. Silence was enforced during long periods; certain enclosures, or even certain provinces were declared tabu, whereupon no one might speak or move about in them on pain of death. Women might not eat in company with men at any time. Upon the women of the land these unreasonable restrictions fell with cruel rigor. Within



A WEST-COAST PORT

the memory of those still living, a woman was killed because she entered the eating-house of her lord and master. Moreover, in this land of tropic plenty, fruit was tabu to the feminine half of the population. These simple heathen in the Paradise of the Pacific seem to have possessed a vague knowledge of the evil that resulted from feminine fruit-eating in another Paradise, and they resolved to take no chances. Alas, why was not Father Adam a Hawaiian?

Before we continue our voyage southward toward the far end of this island, let us cruise in imagination for a few moments along the eastern, or the windward shore. Here verdant



WINDWARD-COAST CASCADES

bluffs or Palis rise directly from the storm-tossed sea. Our first impression is that some great wave has but a moment since overwhelmed the entire coast, and that the salty waters are falling back again into the sea, following the receding breaker, that soon the precipices will be drained and the roaring cataracts run dry. But no ; the waterfalls persist, and hour

after hour as we roll along, almost within the shadow of

these bluffs, there is no diminution of their volume ; the cataracts are cataracts in very truth. There are from ten to fourteen of these lovely waterfalls to every mile along this portion of the coast ; they fall from heights that vary from five hundred to a thousand feet, while farther inland, at



ACQUAINTANCES

the extremities of long, narrow, and umbrageous gulches, tower walls of rock one thousand two hundred feet in height, over which other slender ribbons of spray are dangling gracefully. These are the tribute paid by the eternal snows of Mauna Kea, to the lovely lowlands where eternal summer dwells. An entire month might be employed most profitably in explorations on

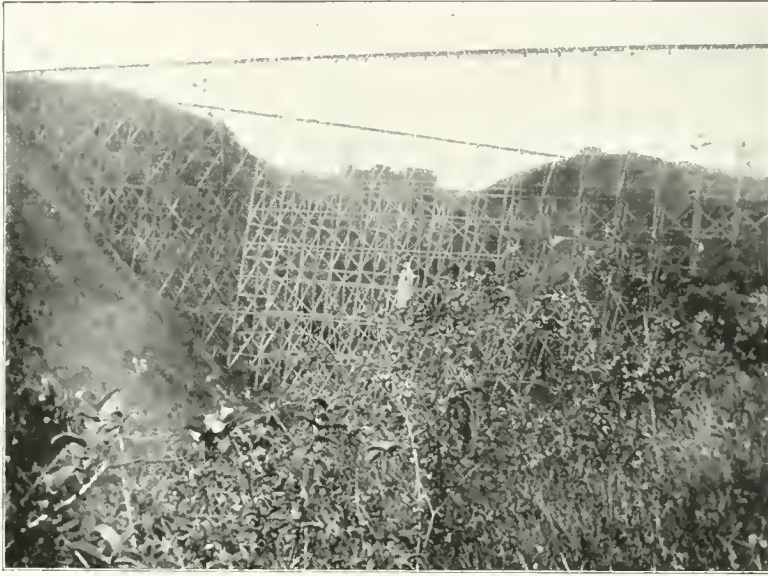


HAPPY

this coast; within a space of thirty miles there are no fewer than sixty-nine of these impressive gulches, each with its waterfall, its mountain torrent rushing toward the ever-angry sea, its insecure mule-trails leading down to little God-forsaken ports where steamer-passengers are landed or embarked only at risk of life

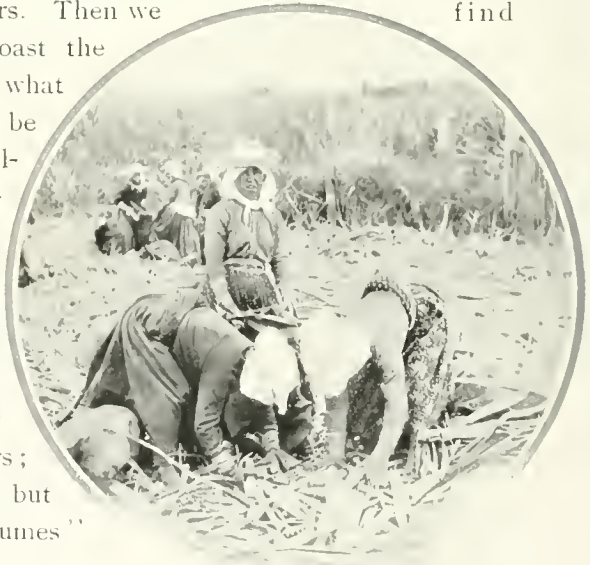


A PICNIC IN IAO VALLEY

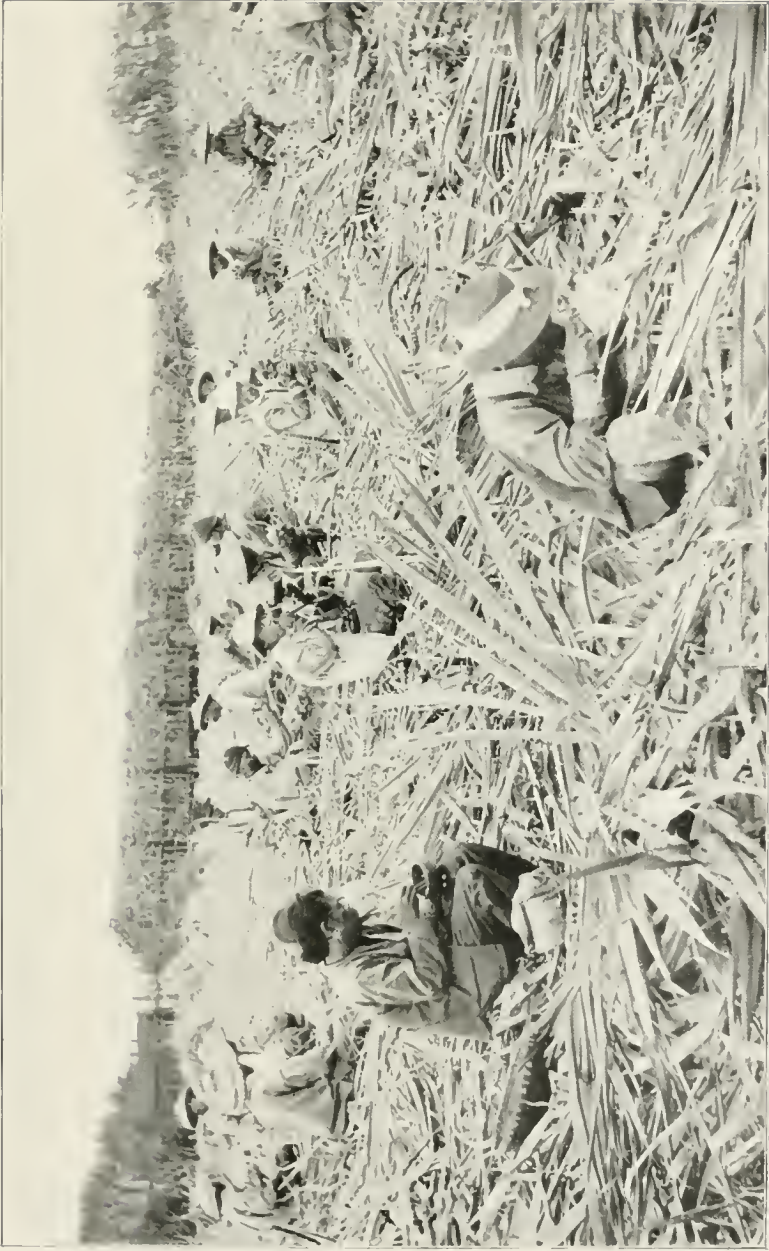


A CANE-FLUME

or limb. At one of these perpetually storm-bound ports, the daughter of the U. S. Minister to Hawaii, Mr. John L. Stevens, was thrown from a capsized boat and dashed to death in the relentless breakers. Then we find farther down the coast the gulches spanned by what at first appear to be magnificent steel railway-trestles. Distance, however, deceives us. These structures are of wood, and are found to be, on closer inspection, as dainty as the webs of spiders; they are not bridges, but aqueducts, "cane-flumes"

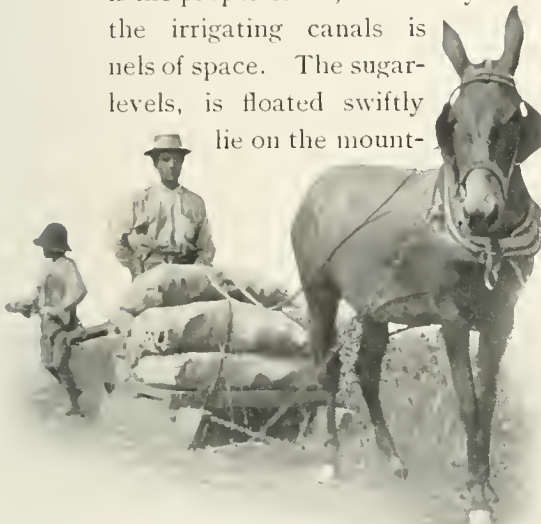


JAPANESE WOMEN



MIDDAY IN THE CANE-FIELDS

is the proper term ; for it is by means of them that the water of the irrigating canals is nels of space. The sugar-levels, is floated swiftly lie on the mount-



A TROPIC SLEDGE

ferried across these chan-cane, cut on the higher from the plantations that ain slopes, down through the cane-flumes to the sugar-mills, sometimes a dozen miles below. The most important industry of Hawaii is the growing and the grinding of the sugar-cane.

The industry speaks for itself. In 1841 the output was a few hundred tons ; in 1896

Hawaii exported almost

a quarter of a million tons, and some of the plantations pay dividends of 60 per cent annually. It would be interesting to follow the processes from the planting to the final sacking



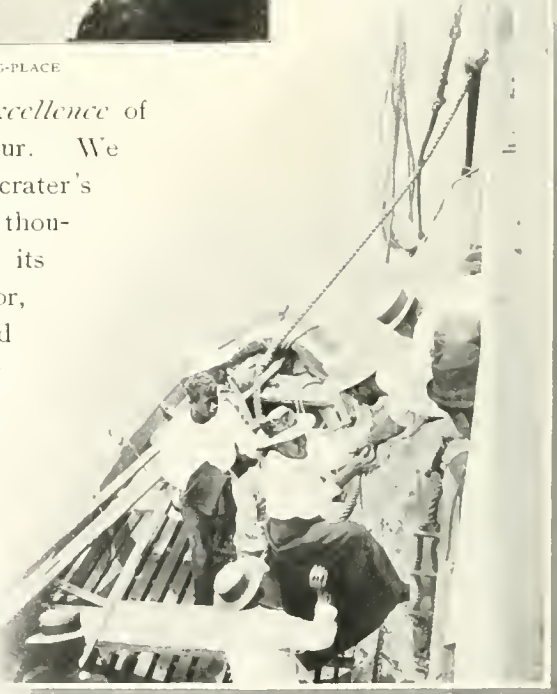
LOADING A CANE-TRAIN



A LANDING-PLACE

spectacle *par excellence* of the Hawaiian tour. We stand now on the crater's brink, about a thousand feet above its hardened lava floor, and there beyond rises the massy slope of Mauna Loa, lifting its summit ten thousand feet above us; the equivalent of fourteen thousand feet above

of the rich brown, granulated product, but lack of space forbids. Moreover, the cutting of the cane is the only picturesque feature of plantation-toil. We may accordingly pass on to other topics, and the next topic is, naturally, the Volcano Kilauea, the



ALL ABOARD !

the level of the sea. But even from the sea the mountain does not impress us with its height; it is so huge that man cannot appreciate it. It is roughly two and one-half miles in height and sixty miles in diameter, and to go around its base one must travel almost two hundred miles.



FROM THE BRINK OF KILAUEA

Moreover, like an iceberg, its greater bulk is submerged in the sea; its foundations lie more than three miles below the level of the waters. Upon its summit is a crater six miles in circumference, which has been active within the last two years.

Our place of abode in this strange region is, of course, the well-known Volcano House, upon the brink of Kilauea. We



THE PAHALA EXPRESS

have not come by the usual route from Honolulu via Hilo. Instead we cruised down the western coast and landed at a place called Punaloo; thence we ascended through the cane-fields of Pahala, in a tiny plantation train, and from Pahala we were hauled by stage, over the barren, treeless, wind-swept slopes of Mauna Loa, up into the regions of lava, fog,



ABYSS OF THE BURNING LAKE

and rain, and finally arrived at the Volcano House, where we learn that there is in store for us a disappointment, not less severe because anticipated. The famous crater of Kilauea is still inactive; no signs of action have been manifest for many months. We have hoped against hope, and prayed to mighty Pele, the old pagan Fire-Goddess, but all

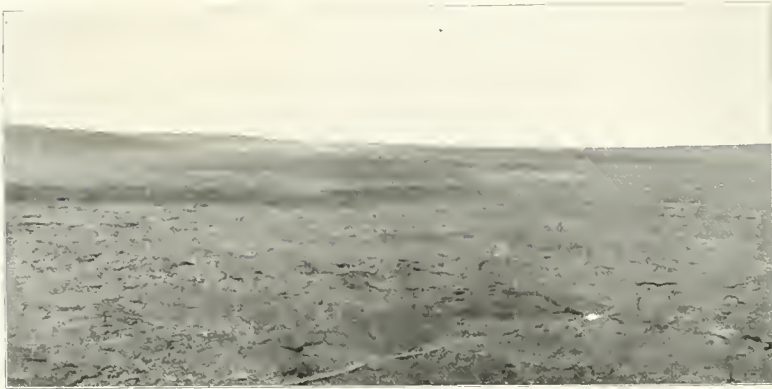


THE VOLCANO HOUSE

has been in vain. Kilauea, we are told, is silent, dark, inactive, dead. We spend the misty evening by the fireside, where all travelers, since Mark Twain's time, have dried their fog-soaked garments. We turn the leaves of the old tourist-registers, wherein each traveler since 1863 has set



IN THE VOLCANO HOUSE.



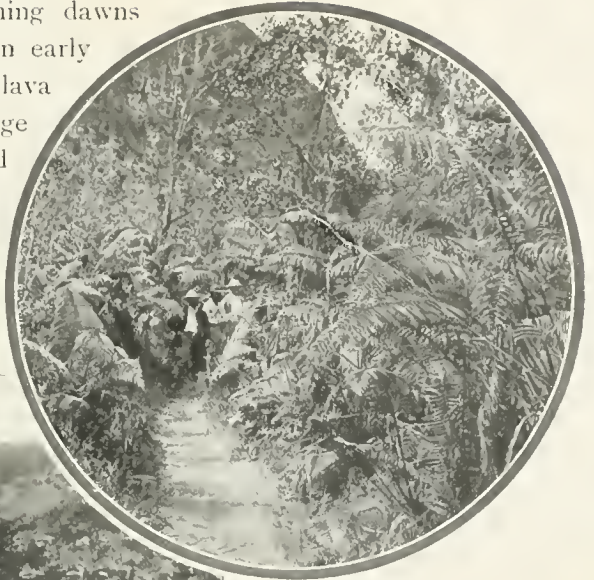
THE KILAUEA CRATER FROM THE BRINK

down his or her impressions. Most records open with the words: "I arrived after a long," or "tiresome," or "delightful ride from Honolulu"; but one entry, made by a Chicago girl, bore this refreshing introduction: "Like nearly every one who has written here, I *arrived* at the Volcano House. I did not *arrive* through any lack of originality on my part, but I really saw no other way of getting here. To-morrow I shall go away again,—the volcano refuses to show off."



DEAD LAVA

The following morning dawns fair and clear, and at an early hour we descend to the lava floor of Kilauea, and trudge across its seamed and cracked expanse toward the huge pit that marks the spot where the last lake of living fire disappeared. I shall not

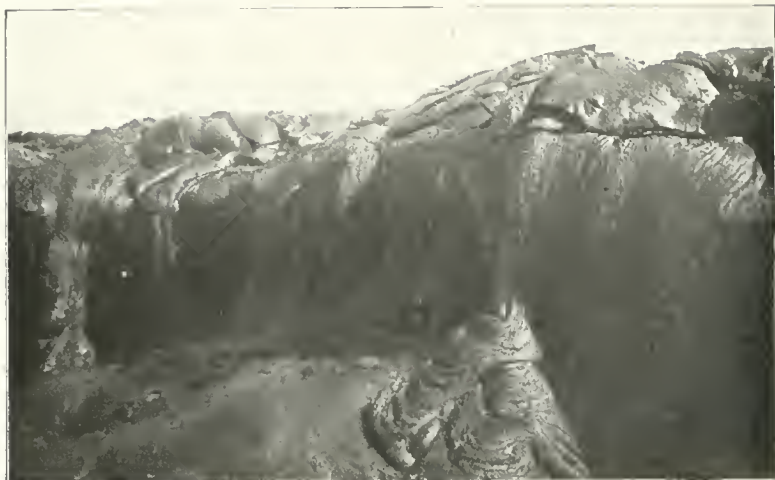


FERNS IN THE CRATER



THE CRACK

attempt to describe that which I did not witness. The burning lava lake in action is one of the few supreme spectacles of the earth, but unfortunately we did not behold it. We see only the charred or blackened frame holding what was and may at any time again be the most stupendous pic-



By permission

LAVA CASCADE

ture of awfulness in the world. The traveler of to-day, as he crosses this gloomy waste with a confidence born of knowledge, cannot appreciate the terror with which this place once inspired the untutored savages. Here was the home of Pele, the Fire-Goddess, and here was performed one of the grandest



"LOOK DOWN!"

acts of moral courage that history records. In 1825, five years after the first missionaries landed, a princess of the royal blood, by name, Kapiolani, a convert to the new faith, led hither eighty followers and in their presence, despite the protests and threats from the

pagan priestesses, she openly defied the dreaded deity, ate of the sacred berries in violation of the tabu, and then, when at last she stood upon the border of the lake of fire,—where now this bottomless abyss gapes as if in consternation at recollection of this exhibition of intrepidity,—Kapiolani cried with a bold voice: “Jehovah is my God.

He kindled these fires. I fear

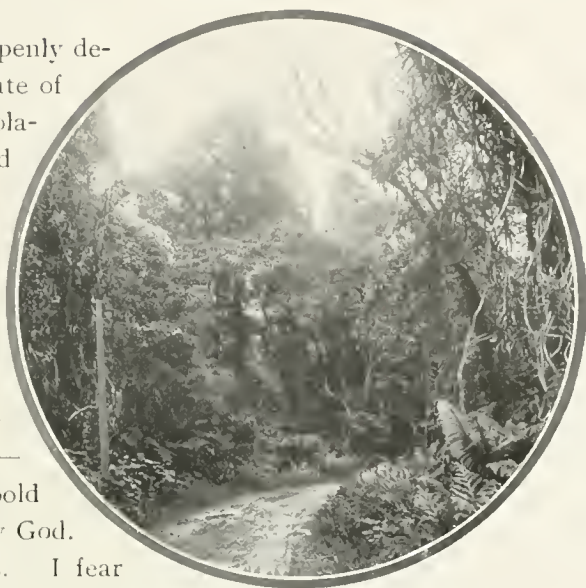
not Pele! If I perish by the anger of

THE VOLCANO ROAD

Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and he should save me from the wrath of Pele, when I break through her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God and to the way of righteousness.”

There has been nothing grander since Elijah mocked the priests of Baal, and cried unto the Lord God of Israel.

One of the most striking contrasts of this journey in Hawaii is that afforded by this place of death and terror, and the region of exuberant life and beauty through which the traveler passes on his way from the volcano to the coast. The road that leads from the volcano down to Hilo is justly famous for its tropic loveliness; it is as if we rode all day through an interminable hothouse; the redundant growth on either side, the warm moist air, the smell of dampened earth and budding leaves and flowers, all suggest the atmosphere of a conservatory. We met a shower almost every



mile. This is, in fact, one of the wettest regions of Hawaii; if the rainfall of the entire year should be delivered suddenly, all at once, our coach would now be floating in fifteen feet of water, for the annual rainfall is more than 180 inches, or about five yards. No wonder that the moisture-loving ferns and creepers flourish here in wild profusion and unexampled magnitude. I am no botanist; I cannot give you Latin names for all these lovely forms of green. I know that there are ferns of every size, graceful as feathers on a Bird of Paradise, and wild bananas sheltered by huge leaves of rich bright green, and besides these a hundred other things, so lovely that the word "beautiful" describes and classifies them best. And thus it is that we roll downward toward the sea for thirty miles, our four-horse coach swinging us all too swiftly around angles of Eden, past paradisiacal perspectives. At last the bay of Hilo opens wide before us, and the blue sea welcomes us again to its palm-bordered shore. We have



NATURE'S FERNERY

been preceded and followed—and sometimes for miles attended—by gentle tropic showers, of a marvelous rain that is so much dryer than the atmosphere that it seems to gather on our coats like dust or silver powder. It certainly refreshes but it does not wet us!

There is a local saying to the effect that, "It is always raining at Hilo," and we were therefore overjoyed to find that we were ushered into Hawaii's wettest town by brilliant summer sunshine. And

as we sit on the veranda of the Hilo hotel, a really excellent hotel, surprisingly well managed, we are inclined to exclaim like Mark Twain, "What if the rain sifts down?—the umbrella tree is at hand, and the india-rubber tree stands at our



APPROACHING HILO



SUBURBAN HILO



THE MAIN STREET OF HILO

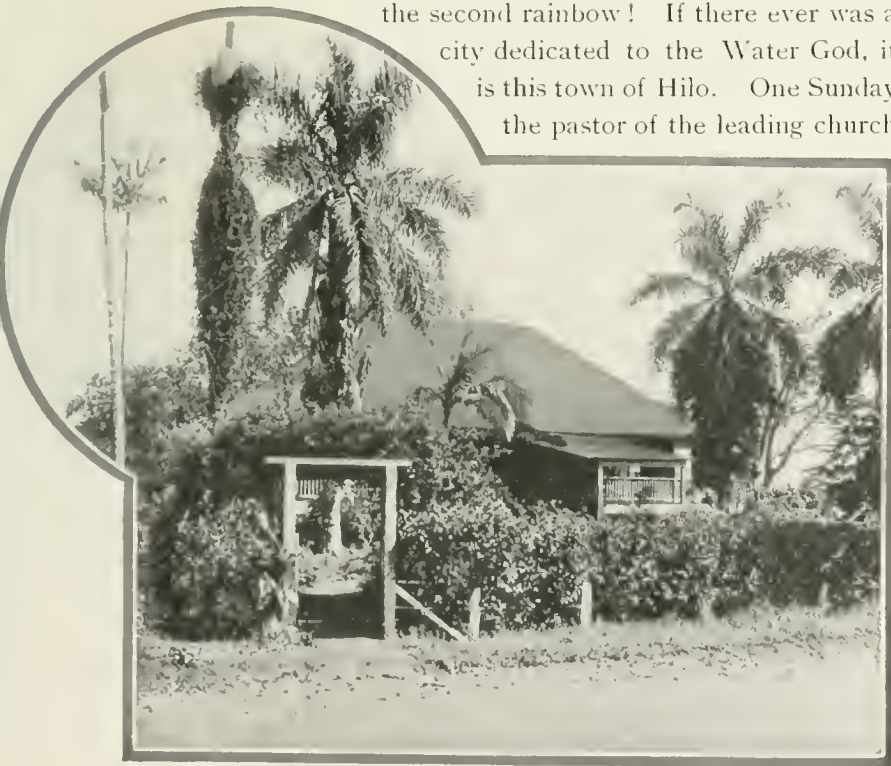
very door." Here, also, we see his "trees that cast a shadow like a thunder-cloud." Moreover, he must have written here his inspired recipe for securing a night's rest in spite of the mosquitoes. These are the words of wisdom that Mark Twain set down: "Wait until the mosquitoes have all crawled



THE HILO HOTEL

in under the bar, then slip out quietly, shut *them* in, and sleep peacefully on the floor till morning!"

Apropos of rain, it is no unusual thing in Hilo to see ladies on one side of the main street, strolling along with sunshades, to protect them from the tropic rays, while those upon the other side require stout umbrellas to keep their bonnets dry. Showers parade across and up and down the town with military precision—the edge of a shower frequently leaving a mark as clear and sharply defined as the wheel ruts in the streets. Suppose you ask to be directed to a certain house, do not be astonished if you are told to go up such and such a street until you come to the third shower, then turn to the right, and to stop just this side of the second rainbow! If there ever was a city dedicated to the Water God, it is this town of Hilo. One Sunday the pastor of the leading church



A HOME IN HILO

preached on the text, "Be ye also ready," and that very night a tidal wave came ashore and made a boisterous visit to his parishioners. Some epigrammatic traveler has said, "Follow a Pacific shower, and it leads you to Hilo." We, on our own authority, may add, "Follow a Hilo guide, and he leads you to Rainbow Falls." For, as if the daily down-pour from the skies were not sufficient, as if the tidal waves were not enough, nature deluges the vicinity of Hilo with



RAINBOW FALLS NEAR HILO

countless waterfalls and cataracts, of which the prettiest tumbles into this nest of rainbows, and for all we know stays there forever, for no escape for the waters is visible to those who stand upon the brink of this roofless lava-tunnel where the element of water has supplanted that of fire. It is as if Dame Nature wished to make amends for having so often in the past hurled down her seething lava-floods from Mauna Loa's crater. And as we pause near another cascade that leaps over a lava shelf into another basin formed by the



A CASCADE

cracking of some ancient lava-bubble, we remember that Hilo has oft been threatened with destruction. In 1881 a river of lava advanced to the very outskirts of the town; the population was prepared for flight, the ponderous machinery of the sugar-mill was made ready for instant embarkation, but at last the red-hot current cooled, slackened, ceased to flow only three quarters of a mile from Hilo, and now Dame Nature has sent a multitude of lovely

ferns to hide from sight the evidence of her cruel threat. Another lava flow, in 1855, ran sixty miles, and flooded three hundred square miles of territory, continuing for thirteen months.

JAPANESE HOUSE
NEAR HILO



HILO HARBOR

The beautiful little island that lies at one extremity of Hilo harbor was formed by some prehistoric lava flow; the coast itself

but marks the place where, in the great war of the elements, Neptune's waters won a victory and checked the advance of Pele's fiery forces that charged down from her fortresses in the mountains—from craters 14,000 feet above. Battles like these have been fought elsewhere within the memory of man. In 1868 a lava river rushed into the sea, heated the waters for over a mile from the shore, and cooked every shark, whale, and every little fish that chanced to be cruising off that red-hot coast.

The entire archipelago is of volcanic



A LAVA STREAM



COCONUT ISLAND



CLEFT IN THE JUNGLE

origin. Fifteen volcanoes of the first class have existed and been in brilliant action, according to Professor Maxwell, who is an eminent authority. "This island of Hawaii," he says, "has resulted from the action of four grand centers of eruption. These four volcanoes have been of individual origin and also growth — first coming into visible existence above the surface of the ocean, and building up by the material of subsequent eruptions

until the huge cones were raised to heights varying from five to fourteen thousand feet above the sea." Of these the highest is the peak of Mauna Kea, the gentle slope of which is visible to us as we drift lazily from Hilo Bay into the smooth waters of the Waiakea River. So gradual is the incline of that volcanic mound that it appears not more than one or two thousand feet in height, but its real height is nearly 14,000 feet. These cones are about thirty miles distant one from another. The spaces between, formerly ocean channels, are now interior valleys and plateaus, formed by later discharges from the craters or outbursts from the slopes. The valleys are of tropic luxuriance. There the banana and the mango and the useful taro flourish; then higher lies the belt of the cane-lands, yielding sometimes ten tons of sugar to the acre; above the sugar-region lies a broad belt of ideal coffee-land; then higher still are pastures for the mountain cattle, and then clear to the distant sky-line stretch the desert lava wastes, trackless, inanimate, and horrible.

We had no wish to see those desolate highlands, but the reputed beauty of the coffee-region, reached by a new road through the tropic jungle, appealed to us, and at the earnest solicitation of an enthusiastic coffee-planter, I gave up my steamer-berth for Honolulu and joined him on a tour of inspection of this new field of industry.

A few years ago the Puna district was an impassible tangle of fierce, savage, lovely vegetation, a wilderness of green, hundreds of square miles in extent. It was in 1898 the newest region in Hawaii, the latest land of promise to allure both the man who seeks to invest safely a fortune already made, and the man who seeks to make a new one. My companion is of the former class, and with the true American spirit is using his wealth to turn the lovely wilderness into a paying piece of property. I need not tell you of the beauty of this ride. Even the celebrated road to the volcano must yield the palm,—and in fact, the banana and everything else—to this new-cut road that penetrates almost to the heart of the promised land of Puna. The tall trees are the Ohia, and around their trunks are twined the serpent-like tendrils of the Ieie, a very strong creeping thing that seems with its knife-like leaves to be an armed protector of the tree that it entwines from root to very tip. Both the ohia



OHIA TREES AND IEIE VINES



THE PUNA HIGHWAY



TWO COFFEE-PLANTERS

and the ieie bear at certain seasons of the year a little blossom of intense red, as if the blades of the ieie-vine had actually drawn blood.

A few miles farther on we meet our hosts, two coffee-planters of the younger generation ; both are Americans, one born, however, in Hawaii and resident in the islands all his life ; the other, he of the broad-brimmed hat, a self-exiled San Franciscan.



THE END OF THE ROAD

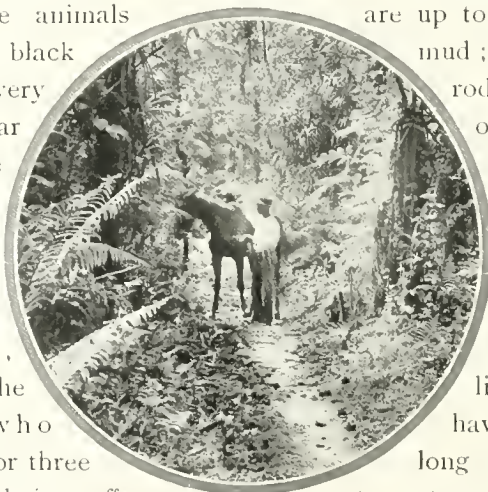
Both of them wear the indispensable crude water-proof or pummel-slicker — for Puna is a place of drenching rains. We follow them along the corridor of verdure till the corridor comes to a sudden end. The road ends as abruptly as a shaft in a silver mine, bringing up against the solid wall of the apparently impenetrable jungle.



IN THE JUNGLE

And now, forsaking cart and buggy, we load our baggage on the horses, and mounting mules that have been sent from the plantation we boldly plunge into the tropic tangle. We feel as if all hope should be abandoned here; surely no human habitation can be hid in this labyrinth of rain-soaked vegetation. They must be leading us into the haunts of savage beasts or the abode of serpents,—only there are no wild beasts and no deadly reptiles in Hawaii. For a mile or more we struggle through the leafy tunnel—so green and damp as to appear unearthly, as if it were a forest at the bottom of the sea. The animals

are up to their knees in a rich black mud; a dozen times to every rod there is a log to clear or a swinging rope of the ieie-vine to avoid, but finally we come out once more into the world of men—of good, kind, cheerful, and hearty men, for the little group of fellows, who have been living here for three



A PATH IN PUNA

long years, waiting for their coffee-trees to grow, watching each budding berry as it slowly turns from green to ripened red,—are like a lot of college men on a prolonged and possibly perpetual picnic in the woods. Their home is of semi-native construction, its walls of leaves, its roof of corrugated iron. There are two rooms. In one they sleep and in the other they dine with appetites born of an outdoor life. A Japanese cook prepares for them far better meals than can be had at the hotel in Honolulu. The temperature is almost invariably of such degree that it is not noticed, and the drafts that filter through the leafy walls are

not the kind that cause pneumonia. Twenty-four showers every day beat their tattoos upon the roof, and after every shower the sun comes out and smiles as if to say, "That little rainfall was nothing but a joke."



The coffee-fields, of course, claim our attention. There are here about a hundred acres under cultivation in clearings of from five to ten acres each. Some of their coffee is already in its fourth year and promises a crop with a little profit for the present season. The planters estimate that a tract of seventy-five acres will in five years have paid expenses for

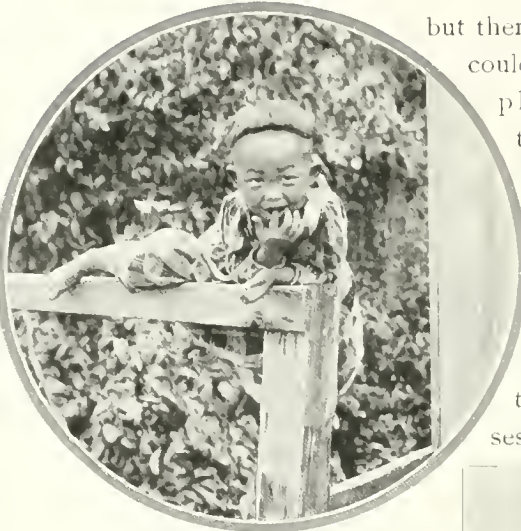
THE PLANTERS' HOUSE

clearing, planting, cultivating, picking, sorting, drying, and shipping, and thereafter it should yield a profit of from eight to ten thousand dollars annually.



A HOME IN THE PUNA JUNGLE

The labor is performed largely by the better class of Japanese (the offspring of whom is just as quaint and fascinating as in Japan itself),



"OHAYO!"

capital may find in coffee culture an ideal existence in an ideal land. But as I ride with one of my hosts through the dense tangled forest that shuts in this little community of half a dozen white men and half

but there is no reason why white men could not find it profitable and pleasant. The most trying thing for the owners of a coffee-ranch is the four or five years' waiting while tender little trees are growing up, preparing to reward the men who cared for them in childhood. Men who love solitude and nature and are possessed of patience and a little



A TOILER FROM JAPAN



COFFEE



A PLANTATION HAND

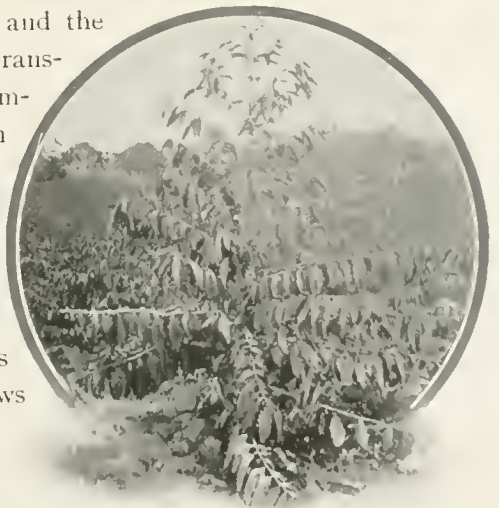
through the gorgeous forest to the coast, and find ourselves nearing Hilo, at the hour when the whole earth is transfigured by the glory of the setting sun. The clouds, the sky, the river, and

the palms, the tasseled cane-fields and the distant mountain slopes conspire to transform this earth of ours into the semblance of another world, in which there is no thing that is not beautiful. Two borrowed phrases here insist on repetition, for "overhead there rolls a sea of smashed rainbows," and "here and there are drifting patches of iridescent vapors like itinerant stained-glass windows

a hundred Japanese, I am led to suspect that this peaceful novel life, so grateful to us who come as visitors for a brief season, is most monotonous to those who have to spend here twelve months of the year, with no diversion save an occasional ride to Hilo or a semi-annual trip to Honolulu. Our stay in Puna ended, we return



THE PUNA SHORE



A COFFEE TREE



THE HILO SHORE

from some great cathedral." Here, truly, is the picture of "the land where it is always afternoon."

And as the sunset fires flow from the west like liquid gold, we tremble when we think how far this flood of golden light has journeyed over trackless oceans to touch and glorify these tiny dots of earth in the midst of the greatest ocean on our globe. We catch our breath at thought of all the leagues of barren waters that stretch away to north and south and east and west; of the everlasting surrounding deep that washes both the shores of Asia and America and rolls its mighty volume from continent to continent and pole to pole. A great loneliness sweeps over us as we gaze out upon the empty sea. And as we stand on this Hawaiian shore, so far from our own land, a stranger passes, asks us if we have heard the news brought by the latest steamer from America, — and in a dozen words he gives us hastily two bits of information, the like of which are seldom given in two simple sentences. One is: "Cervera's fleet has been destroyed at Santiago," and at his next words, "Annexation is an accomplished fact," we fix our feet more firmly on this lava shore, for we, who a moment since were as strangers in a strange land are now at home — Hawaii has become part of the United States.

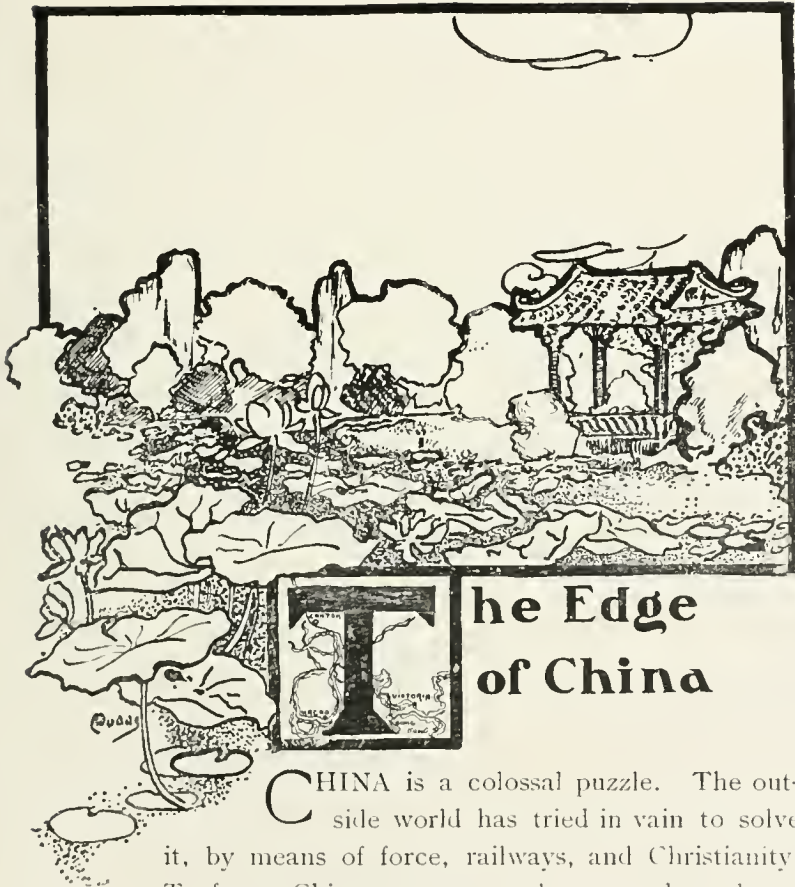




IN THE THIRTIETH AND THIRTY-FIRST VOLUMES OF THE
-- CLINTON --

IN THE TEMPLE OF THE EMPEROR — CANTON

THE EDGE OF CHINA



The Edge of China

CHINA is a colossal puzzle. The outside world has tried in vain to solve it, by means of force, railways, and Christianity. To force, China opposes weakness, and weakness is victorious; to railways, she opposes unconquerable superstition, and superstition conquers; and to Christianity, she opposes the weight of accumulated tradition, and thus far tradition has prevailed. The tide of Progress is sweeping the nations of the west out upon the ocean of a glorious new

century, but China, moored to the rocks of immutability, resists the modern current, despite the efforts of all Christendom to cut the cables of conservatism that bind her to the past.

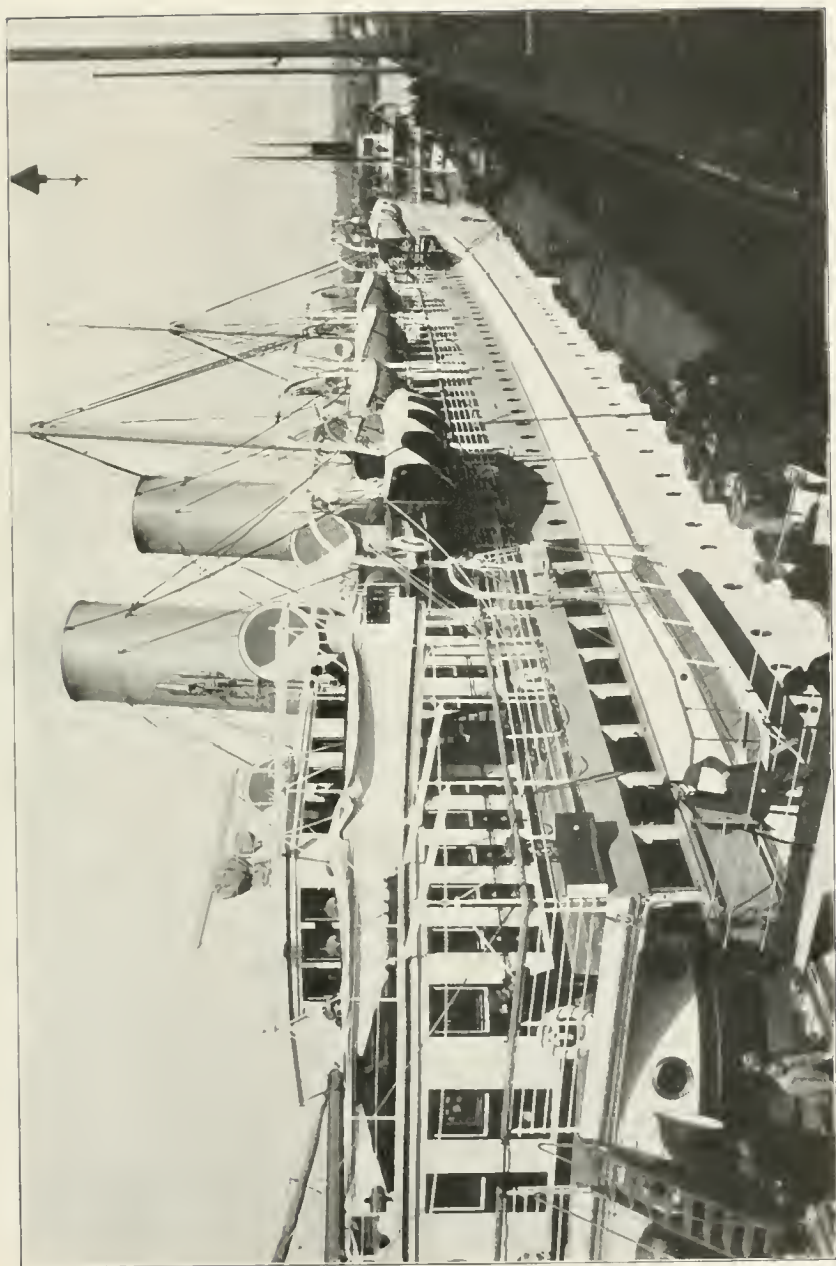
Canton is the metropolis of China and the most characteristically *Chinese* community in the Empire.

From Canton and from the surrounding province flows the main tide of emigration to our shores. At Hongkong, which is practically the port of Canton, touches nearly every ship that sets sail from our Pacific Coast for the Philippines.

If Canton is interesting to the traveler
at large as the truest type of a
Chinese city, it certainly is



THE MOST GRACEFUL PROW OF THE PACIFIC



THE "EMPERESS OF CHINA" AT VANCOUVER

doubly interesting to the American, because it is the commercial gateway to South China, where lie the markets to which the merchants of Manila must look for the realization of their ambitious dreams.

It was on the first anniversary of Dewey's victory that I started for the Philippines, intending to touch briefly en route at several cities on the edge of China.

There are two ocean pathways to the Philippines across the wide Pacific. One begins at Golden Gate, the other at the gateway to Puget Sound, the Strait of San Juan de Fuca. We choose the northern route, because it is the shortest and coolest, because the ships are wonderfully fine, because the railway ride through the Canadian Rockies is a magnificent experience with which to initiate a summer holiday.



WESTWARD!

Our ship, the "Empress of China," sister to the Empresses of India and of Japan, when we first see her at the Vancouver wharf from the windows of our approaching train, appears as small as a yacht, for we have come from the depths of the Fraser Cañon, where mountains were piled all about us. But she seems big enough when once we are on board, for there are few ships afloat that offer roomier accommodations than the Canadian Pacific "Empresses."

To serve us there is a regiment of well-drilled Orientals, the Chinese stewards being far more efficient than the average white servants on the Atlantic liners. Our first impressions of the Chinese are decidedly favorable.

The weekly inspection of the crew and stewards brings out the full strength of the Oriental service. The captain and first officer stride down the line drawn by neat white socks along the deck, and there is never a Celestial that does not pass inspection. "Neat as a Chinaman" may sound strange, but "neat as a Chinaman" means a great deal on a Pacific liner. The monotony of shipboard existence is relieved by the Sunday inspection and also by the weekly fire-drill, or call to fire quarters. At sound of an alarm all hands rush to the upper decks, cast loose the life-boats, drag out long coils of hose, play big streams upon imaginary fires, or prepare



INSPECTION



LOOKING FOR DOLLARS
FLOUR AND MOLASSES
SHIP-BOARD DIVERSIONS



FLOURY CELESTIALS

Among our fellow-passengers those who interest us most are two dark and dapper little men, — the first real Filipinos that we have ever seen. You may remember that immediately after Dewey's victory the papers told us of an influential Filipino family by

to rescue passengers. Then, after the excitement is all over, a bugle sounds, and all hands scramble down the ladders and return to their routine duties.

The Chinese, of course, object to being photographed, and for that reason try to dodge the camera, not knowing that the motion-picture camera is a photographic Gatling, certain to hit its victim, no matter how fast he may be able to run.



GOLDEN MOLASSES

the name of Cortes, one of the richest in Manila, who had acknowledged the supremacy, and asked for the protection of the United States. Don Maximo Cortes and his brother are the chief representatives of the Cortes millions, and are returning from a visit to Washington, happy in the assurance there given them that the lands and houses, confiscated by the Spanish and turned over to the United

States as government property, will in due time be restored to them. At first they appeared very taciturn, but one day I



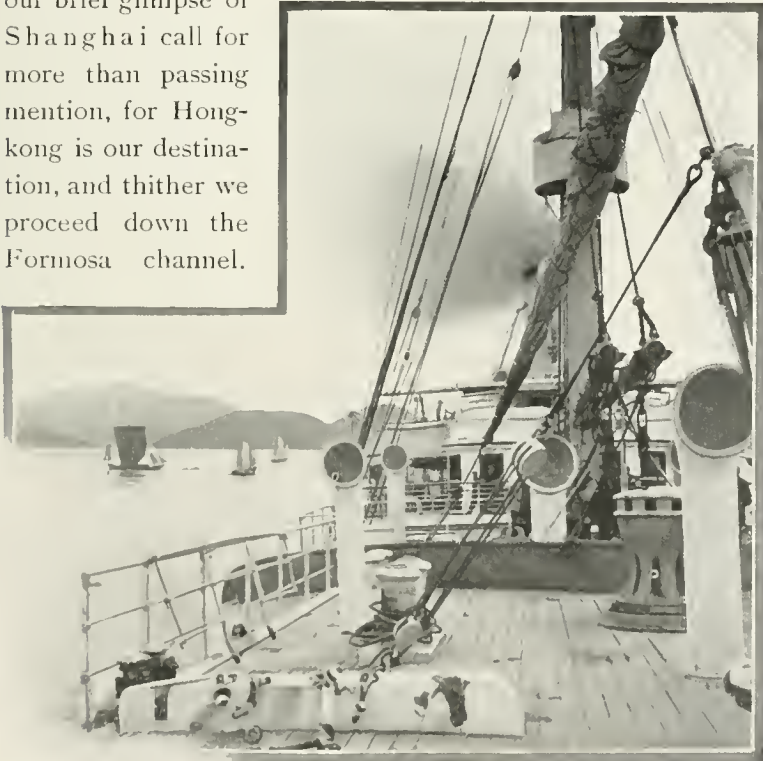
FILIPINO GENTLEMEN



"THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY" IN THE SMOKING ROOM

let them know that Spanish was not Greek to me, whereupon their lips were unsealed, and the whole story of their woes and subsequent joys was poured into my ears. Such a tumultuous flow of Spanish I had never listened to; and they talked with hands and feet and eyes as well as mouth. As they are continually pecking at sleeve or lapel to emphasize a point, a conversation with them is almost like a fencing match,—it keeps you parrying at every phrase.

We have not time to dwell upon the long days of the voyage nor on the brief and hurried hours spent on shore in Yokohama, Kobé, and Nagasaki, nor to tell of the delightful hours in the Japanese Inland Sea. Nor does our brief glimpse of Shanghai call for more than passing mention, for Hong-kong is our destination, and thither we proceed down the Formosa channel.



IN THE INLAND SEA

A warm wind follows us and makes our speed seem doubly slow, giving the ship a lazy, tired motion, as if she were weary with the long voyage, run down, and on the point of giving up the race. The dreaded Hongkong damp-



FAIR JAPAN

ness has begun to make itself felt ; the paper on which we try to write is so soft that the pen perforates it at every stroke ; collars last only for a passive hour or for an active minute ; books stick to the leather-covered desks and tables—and yet this is nothing, we are still comparatively cool and dry, — so say those who have experienced the Hongkong summer ! We realize with regret that our days on the “Empress of China ” will soon be only pleasant memories. .

Soon we must quit our lodgings in this floating hotel, in which we have lived for three weeks and one day—this voyage being the longest we have yet made, but not disagreeably long in spite of all. It has been restful and full of

variety. There have been Arctic days off the Aleutian Islands in the North Pacific, temperate days along the lovely shores of Japan, and days that were almost torrid in the Formosa straits; we have stepped down the same gangway into British Columbia, Yokohama, Kobé, Nagasaki, and Shanghai—and to-morrow that gangway will be for us the gateway to Hongkong, Macao, and Canton.

The weather on the morning of our arrival was what might be termed varied: apparently three fearful thunderstorms were mustering on one side; on the other, bright sunshine touched and scorched a narrow strip of shore, while fogs hung black and purple, in the harbor-entrance.



THE EDGE OF CHINA

After the ugliness of the approach to Shanghai, the beauty of the outlying islands and of the coast itself surprises us. We enter the narrow channel between the mainland and the island of Hongkong. Clusters of huts, scarcely distinguishable from the earth and rock behind them, are the only evidences of human presence, and we are vaguely surprised at this apparent desolation; we almost expected to see the teeming millions of yellow men, crowded to the very edge of China, struggling to retain a foothold on its sacred shore. Yet yonder province of Kwangtung, although smaller than the state of Kansas, has a population of 29,000,000 souls.

Suddenly the City of Victoria bursts upon us, the top of it lost in the mist of morning.

Then as the mist drifts aside for a moment, we see the whole gigantic mass of "The Peak"—it is as if we were



THE CITY OF VICTORIA

looking at a green Gibraltar — the resemblance is wonderfully striking. The peak is eighteen hundred feet in height.

We are in the busiest harbor in the Eastern Seas, the meeting-place of ships from every corner of the world. So broad is the anchorage that there is no crowding; the count-



HONGKONG SAMPANS

less mighty ships swing freely with the tide, each in its watery orbit, each with its nebula of satellites. Our steamer soon runs into a veritable milky way of little native boats.

The disembarkation of the Chinese steerage-passengers is a treat for eye and ear. A flotilla of sampans surrounds the "Empress of China." They are crowded with the runners for the native inns — half-nude individuals wearing hats as big as umbrellas. Suddenly all the hats — more than a hundred of them — are lifted and held upright like round shields above the pig-tailed heads. Why this salute or pose? Because on the "roof" of every hat is painted in huge red letters an "ad." for a hotel or lodging-house.

The sight of that hundred-odd advertising disks, waving on the waters was worth coming a long way to see. By this time an acre of little boats is alongside—and ere the anchor has gone splashing down, the ship is grappled by long bamboo poles with big hooks at the upper end, and up these poles some fifty men, with the agility of monkeys, come gliding swiftly, leaping over the rail, and dropping among the passengers like soldiers who have stormed and taken a redoubt.

Arrival in a new land is always delightful; enchantment always attends the coming into a strange harbor. We are surprised to find the harbor of Hongkong so beautiful. We pass the warship "Bennington," just detached from the Manila fleet. Then a rumor runs along our decks. Some one has said that Dewey has already left Manila, that the "Olympia," too, is here, and sure enough, there in the distance lies another warship, flying the stars and stripes. But can it be the admiral's flag-ship, that dingy cruiser with her hull



HONGKONG HARBOR



THE PEAK RAILWAY FROM THE CLUB

painted a gory red, her upper works still wearing the war-time coat of gray?

But looking through our glasses we see upon her stern the letters OLY—we can guess the rest.

It is the Olympia! She is making her toilet, laying off her campaign gray, and putting on a suit of white in which to travel homeward through the tropics.

Then people come on board from launches, and we learn that the admiral is resting at Peak Hotel, up "top-side" among the clouds, which at this season usually hide the summit of Hongkong. Lieutenant Hobson, too, lives there in the mist, in the hotel, which we see now and then for a brief moment,

when it has been pointed out to us, far up the slope in a gap between two peaks.

Meantime the English porters of the various great hotels have boarded the ship in a manner less acrobatic than that of their Chinese rivals. A man with the words "Hongkong Hotel" upon his cap, points out the house he represents. A few moments later we land at a stone pier, and thence proceed on foot to the hotel, leaving our baggage to be carried in our wake by two pair of sturdy coolies. There is no Custom House. Hongkong is a free port; the pleasure of arrival is not marred by official molestations. We are permitted to arrive without committing perjury or breaking our finger-nails upon the refractory catches of our trunks. We follow the

splendid stone quay to the right along the water-front. All this is comparatively new; the water-front familiar to the traveler of ten years ago is now two blocks from shore: the gray structures far to the left with three tiers of arcaded balconies formerly marked the harbor edge of Hongkong. We cross a spacious square, graced by the statue of Her Majesty the Queen; the square is but a small part of the great "Praya Reclamation" begun about ten years ago. No less than fifty-seven acres of promenades and level building-lots have been created by a process of filling in, for the town has grown weary of bracing itself on the steep incline of the rocky slope. Nor will the corner lots remain long unimproved. We see, at every turn, buildings in process of construction; but they are not skeletons of steel with a veneer of terra cotta, like the new buildings that we see rising so rapidly in our cities; for these rise in vaulted solidity, stone upon stone, brick upon brick, arch supporting arch.



MURRAY'S WHARF AT HONG-KONG

But despite the European architecture we know that we are in an Oriental country, and we realize that we have scented a new land. The discovery of a new smell is always an event in the life of a traveler. Every foreign land worth visiting has its peculiar, its unmistakable aroma. Delight-



PART OF THE PRAYA RECLAMATION

edly we sniff the heavy atmosphere in an attempt to analyze the new-found perfume ; in it we detect an *oldness* that is not antiquity, a raciness that is not of decay, a touch of aromatic wood, and a suspicion of incense burned long ago and far away, all this saturated with the steam of a perspiring population, such is the smell of Hongkong. It gives us a keen sense of remoteness, not altogether grateful to a traveler who finds himself alone in Hongkong.

As I wrote home the first evening in Hongkong, "I am full — of things to say. To-day has been a big day — a day to be remembered ; for to-day I have learned a new smell — the smell of China, the '*bouquet du Chinois*' as the French so



A NEW BUILDING

delicately put it. It is not the opium-laden perfume of the San Francisco Chinese quarter, nor is it the stuffy stink of the Asiatic steerage — it is a smell apart, a sort of *essence d'Orient*, distilled by the transpiration of four hundred millions of toiling Celestials,—a racy, sweetish, sour-

ish wholesome smell, not disagreeable, at least to me, for it is new and interesting, suggestive and exotic. It is everywhere, even in the stately halls of the Club; it is wafted by every wave of every punkah — a trace of it must surely come to you folded in this letter!"

It is on landing that the new smell smites the traveler — at the same moment he begins to perspire; and continues to perspire until he leaves this Anglo-Chinese Turkish bath. At the Hongkong Hotel — a five-story pile, buff-colored and balconied, I secure a big, bare room with a sec-



VERANDA OF THE HONGKONG HOTEL



IN THE HONGKONG HOTEL

tion of a broad sheltered balcony, for ten Mexican dollars a day—about four dollars and eighty cents in our money. The house seems old and damp; it has a smell like a gymnasium and everybody in it is limp and dripping more or less. An attempt to strike a match results in daubing on the under side of the mantel a streak of softened yellow sulphur. Quick-tempered travelers have been known to produce blue streaks of sulphurousness. Our shoes if left out over night turn white with mildew. Everything is thoroughly damp and warmly clammy to the touch.

My first sortie is to the Chinese tailor to order suits of white, which are made in no time, for practically nothing about one dollar and seventy-five cents a snit. The cost of laundering is only five cents each. We elbow



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA IN THE MORNING

our way in Queen's Road, the principal thoroughfare, through busy crowds, along the arcaded sidewalks ; we see myriads of beautiful brown legs, with splendid brown bodies above them, bodies nude to the waist, backs streaming with warm rain, wide straw hats dripping water ; calm coolie faces wet with sweat. Toil, toil on every side ! for all these brown men are hauling jinrikishas or carrying chairs, suspended from long



THE CLUB FROM THE PEAK RAILWAY

bamboo poles—the passing human panorama is all new to us, for the Chinese predominate to such an extent that it appears as if the white man were being crowded out. There is scarcely room in the thronged streets of Hongkong for its masters, the sturdy Britons who built it as a stronghold for their commerce in the Far East.

The first day of sight-seeing includes a 'rikisha tour wherever it is possible to go in a wheeled vehicle—along the water-front from end to end, from "Sugar House" to "Gas



THE TOWER AND THE TOWN

Works," and then up and down all the level streets in the lower town, then to the race-course and the cemeteries, Parsee, Catholic, Protestant, and Mohammedan. The hand of the order-loving Englishman is seen in all things. The police are Sikhs from India, tall, splendid, dark-skinned men with curious beards that are rolled or braided and turned up and tucked under the turban forming a frame around the face.



VICTORIA AND KOWLOON



CONSUL-GENERAL WILDMAN

The evening brings no relief from the oppressive humid heat, to the dwellers in the lower town, but we are told that it is cooler "topside," and we take the "funiculare" for a skyward trip

The tramway is very steep; there are places where you catch your breath as you look down on the city and harbor.

The ascent by night is a weird experience; from the rear of the up-going car we peer down upon an inverted starry sky, crowded with constellations. The lights are numberless, on



AN HISTORIC DESK

ship and shore, though we cannot distinguish the land lights from the marine ; we see only lights, pale, dim, bright,—all kinds of lights, lights of all colors ; then suddenly we collide with a cloud upon the Peak summit, and the sea of glimmering lights is lost to view.

A moment later and we are at the Peak Hotel ; a cool breeze is hurrying the vapors through the verandas, a band is playing in the bar-room —it is the Olympia's band, ordered



HONGKONG HARBOR



DEWEY AND BOB AT MURRAY'S WHARF

"topside" by the admiral. On the office black-board that serves as a register, we note among other names, the following:—

Room No. 38
ADMIRAL G. DEWEY.

Room No. 33
LIEUT. R. P. HOBSON

"They are out there," says the hotel manager, pointing to a sheltered corner of the piazza; but there is no gaping crowd. Dewey and Hobson can rest in peace on the Peak, wrapped in its protecting mist. The band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner." "That 's the first time that was ever played here," remarked an Englishman. Then through the damp fog comes "God Save the Queen"; the admiral and his group applaud. The musicians pack up their instruments and take the last car, on which I, too, go gliding down to the muggy

lower town. Beside me sits the German trombone-player; he tells me all about it—he tooted his trombone during the battle of Manila Bay.

Next morning we present ourselves at the American consulate to meet the man who was the first American, not in Manila, to learn the story of the victory of Manila Bay,—



ADMIRAL DEWEY LEAVING HONGKONG — 1899

Consul-General Rounsevelle Wildman. Upon his desk, paragraph by paragraph, was laid that new chapter of our history, as written by Dewey,—begun by Dewey on the first of May.

I spend three interesting hours with our consul-general, first in the office while Chinese interpreters and servants come and go, bringing documents for seal and signature. Later we sit on the veranda of the magnificent Hongkong Club, looking over the harbor, with the Olympia in view,



FLAG-LIEUTENANT BRUMBY

while Consul-General Wildman tells me things that would have been worth millions to the man who could have heard them during the week following May 1, 1898, that week of terrible suspense. His diction is dramatic, his story of the sailing of the fleet from Hongkong takes me back a year and a month, the illusion is complete, and the stage-setting is real; there is the *Olympia* (now red as gore, waiting for her new white coat in which she will go round the world to the big nation that is waiting to paint everything red in her honor), and there is the tug in which Wildman carried McKinley's orders to the admiral, who was holding his fleet in readiness beyond those mountains in Mirs Bay.

I wish I could repeat all he told me of those eventful days, but we are travelers, we have come to see and not to listen. I learn that on the following Sunday Admiral Dewey is to descend from his refuge among the clouds, and that he has ordered his launch to be at Murray's wharf at 10 A. M. At

9 A. M. I am at Murray's wharf behind a battery of cameras. The admiral, I know, has been so pestered by the snap-shot army that he now says "no" to all requests to sit or pose. While he does not object to being fired at in passing, he refuses to become a fixed target. We cannot blame him for applying the very principle which proved so eminently successful in Manila Bay. A few officers, some in civil dress are waiting at the wharf. There is no sign of an expectant crowd, unless we count a group of four Americans; the *Tribune* correspondent from Chicago, two young dentists going to fill Filipino teeth, and myself, intrenched behind the chronomatograph, and two other cameras, and reinforced



by Mr. Mee Cheung, a Chinese fellow artist. The admiral appears at the appointed moment with Bob, the dog, frisking beside him. Our photographic batteries open fire. Dewey walks down the steps, looks up with a half smile, and says to Ensign Caldwell at his side, "Well, look at those photo-



THE OLYMPIA AND THE PEAK

graph fellows up there!" He carefully superintends the embarkation of Bob, the chow dog, and cordially he shakes the hands of a few officers and friends. My Chinese servant, charged to fire one of the cameras, caught the admiral at the very instant he began his homeward journey, followed by Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, and Ensign Caldwell, his private secretary. We scarcely recognize the admiral in civil dress,

but we remark his splendid carriage, his brisk, decisive air ; there is no hesitation in his step as he leaves Asiatic shores to face the overwhelming welcome that awaits him in his native land. Lieutenant Brumby, during the homeward voyage, came between his famous superior and the public,



MODERN OLYMPIANIKES

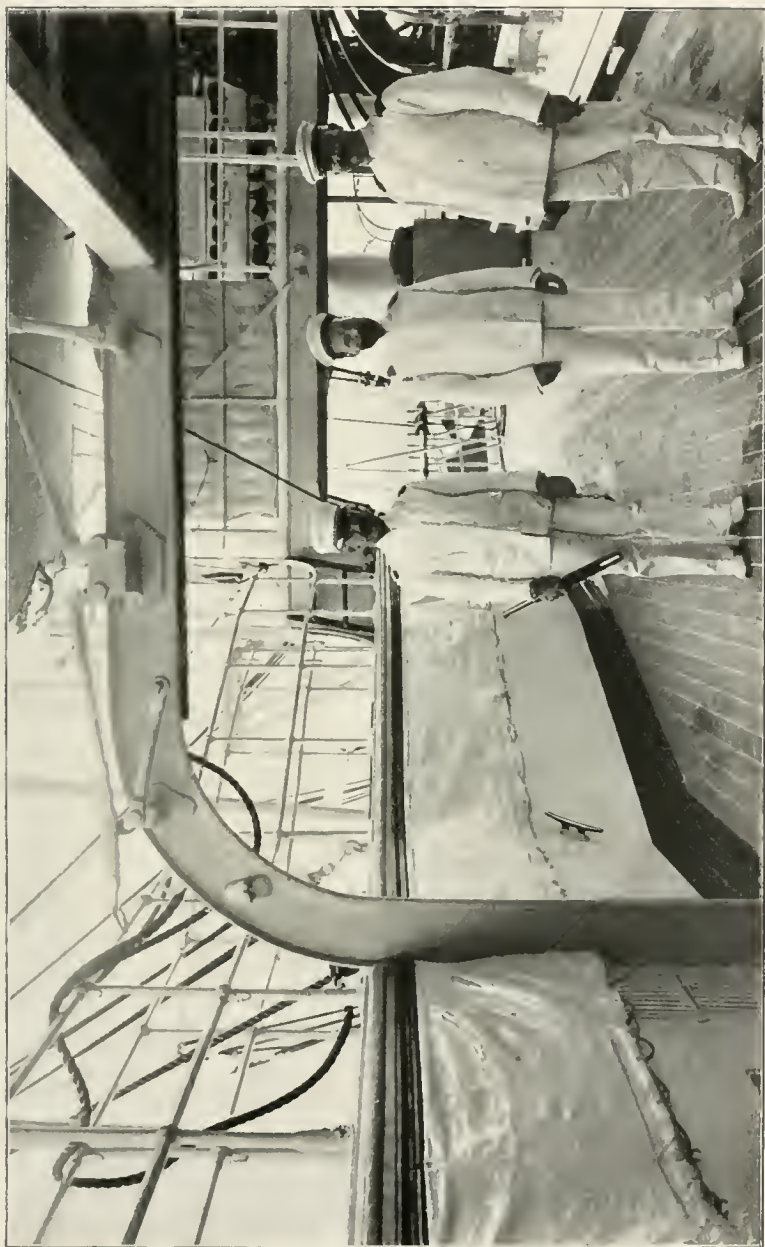
and performed the duties of his most difficult position with discretion, courtesy, and tact. And Ensign Caldwell must have been an ideal secretary for a modest man, for he possessed that same virtue for which we love George Dewey most. I chanced to lunch three times with Caldwell at the Club, as with a casual acquaintance, for I did not then know his name or his profession. The fact that he was one of

the heroes of Manila Bay had to be wormed out of him. I took him for a traveler; I asked him if he had been in Manila. "Yes," he said. "How long?" I asked. "About a year." "Did you live in the walled city?" "No, on a ship." "What ship?" "The 'Olympia.' I'm in the navy." That's the spirit of modesty that our boys have caught from Dewey.



ON DEWEY'S DECK

The Flagship of our Asiatic squadron is now resplendent in spotless white — clean, trim, and businesslike. On the eve of departure she is dressed with a hundred flags in honor of the birthday of the King of Italy, but we prefer to think it is in honor of the admiral's return, after his brief vacation on the misty Peak; and even the Peak unwraps itself to-day and stands forth clear and sharp against the summer sky, which



ON BOARD THE OLYMPIA

smiles upon George Dewey as he embarks to circle half the globe. But before the "Olympia" sails, let us go on board and grasp the hand and listen to the words of the man, who only thirteen months before said, "Gridley, when you are ready, you may fire."



THE LIBRARY

Upon the quarter deck we are received in person by Flag-Lieutenant Brumby who conducts us, a few minutes later, to the cabin of the victorious but modest admiral.



THE HONGKONG CLUB

George Dewey does not affect the air of a celebrity; his greeting is like that of any other gentleman; nor did he let fall any of those remarks which we expect from great men's lips, phrases that are framed for repetition by the hearer. When we beg the admiral not to be too hard upon the American people, if in their enthusiasm at his return they fail to respect his inclination toward retirement and rest, he replies that he cannot understand why there should be any manifestation in his honor; "the people out here do not think that we did



BEFORE TIFFIN—HONGKONG CLUB



PANKAS



VERANDA OF THE CLUB CHAMBERS

anything wonderful," he says, in a tone which indicates that he shares their opinion. Then with a hearty handshake he wishes us good fortune in Manila, but seems to say at the same time, "I am not sorry to be sailing tomorrow in the opposite direction."

Through the kind offices of the consul-general we are put up for an indefinite

period at the palatial Hongkong Club, where we meet men prominent in all the enterprises of the colony. We are presented to a doctor, who prescribes for us an easy chair out on the balcony, and a long cool glass of something. The long cool glass is one of the institutions of Hongkong. While the ice melts, the doctor confides to us the fact that he has had a hard day of scientific labor. "Just been studying four Chinese plague patients,—dead ones of course," he calmly remarks, whereupon we are so impolite as to shrink instinctively from the man of science. "No danger," he continues, as he follows us into the library; "the plague seldom touches Europeans, and there is no use trying

to avoid it. The servant who brings your morning tea and toast may have left a brother dying in a Chinese tenement. The papers report from twenty-five to thirty cases daily; these are the known cases only. Five times as many cases are jealously concealed." Then he relates startling



THE THIRD SEAPORT OF THE WORLD

incidents of the present outbreak. The night before he had stumbled over something in the roadway. It proved to be the head servant of a rich English family, stricken down by the bubonic terror as he was returning to serve dinner at their villa on the Peak. The morning of our arrival a jinrikisha coolie fell dead between the shafts, while running with a passenger. The dead man was picked up, placed in his own

jinrikisha, and rushed away; the first ride he had ever had, and the last. "Therefore, why make yourselves miserable with worry? Take your chances cheerfully like the rest of us, and come to tiffin." "Tiffin," in the language of the East, means the midday meal. "But why do they hang the tablecloths to dry in the dining-room?" the griffin will ask as he perceives long white linen affairs suspended vertically from the ceiling. I must explain that "griffin" is the Far Eastern word for "tenderfoot." The griffin is bound to make mistakes. The supposed tablecloths are "punkas," Indian word for fans, huge, white, suspended wind-producers, which waving slowly to and fro keep the air constantly in circulation. Without the punka it would be impossible to eat. The superiority of this contrivance to the electric fan is at once apparent. The buzzing wheel of the latter projects a dangerous draft through the stagnant atmosphere of a hot room, ruffling our nerves, while the silent waving of the punka-wings produces the effect of a gentle breeze, which cools the room and soothes the senses. The punka is the delight of all



UP TOPSIDE

save the poor punka-pullers, the miserable boys and men who stand outside on the sunny balcony and tug at the resisting ropes by means of which the motive power is transmitted. You can hire a boy to pull a punka-rope all day and

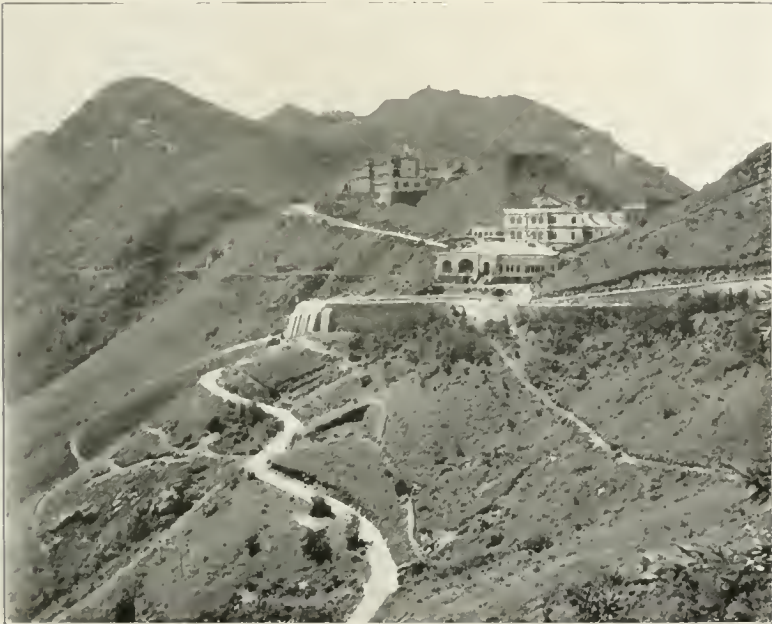


A TOPSIDE RESIDENCE

part of the night for a monthly salary of about two dollars. The side streets of Hongkong are lined with sleepy Orientals, tugging rhythmically at ropes which dangle even from the windows of the topmost stories.

We have secured rooms that open on a broad, cool balcony on the top floor of the club. There every morning at six o'clock—for even clubmen rise early in the land where the morning nap brings no refreshment because of the increasing heat—men lie in bamboo chairs, taking their tea and toast, served by silent Chinese valets.

An indispensable adjunct of every self-respecting traveler in the East is a Chinese "boy," a trim, well-trained, and inexpensive valet and interpreter. My "boy," Ah Kee, agrees to follow and to serve me on land and sea for the exorbitant monthly wage of \$11.10. The regular pay for boys is only six dollars, but as my plans include a sojourn amid the



THE PEAK

dangers of the Filipino war, Ah Kee demands five dollars and ten cents extra for the risk. Thanks to Ah Kee, the petty cares of life do not exist for me.

But let us now begin a ramble around, or, rather, up and down the town, for as we extend our investigations we shall find Hongkong a place of many climbs and steep descents.

The passing 'rikishas and chairs remind us that the white man seldom walks in China. Why should he? Let me give the rates of fare for 'rikishas: one-fourth hour, five cents; first hour, fifteen cents; subsequent hours, ten cents. Jin-

rikishas are used only in the lower, level streets. To make excursions on the Peak we take the comfortable chairs supported by long, springy bamboo poles and borne by two, three, or sometimes four sturdy coolies. These are a trifle

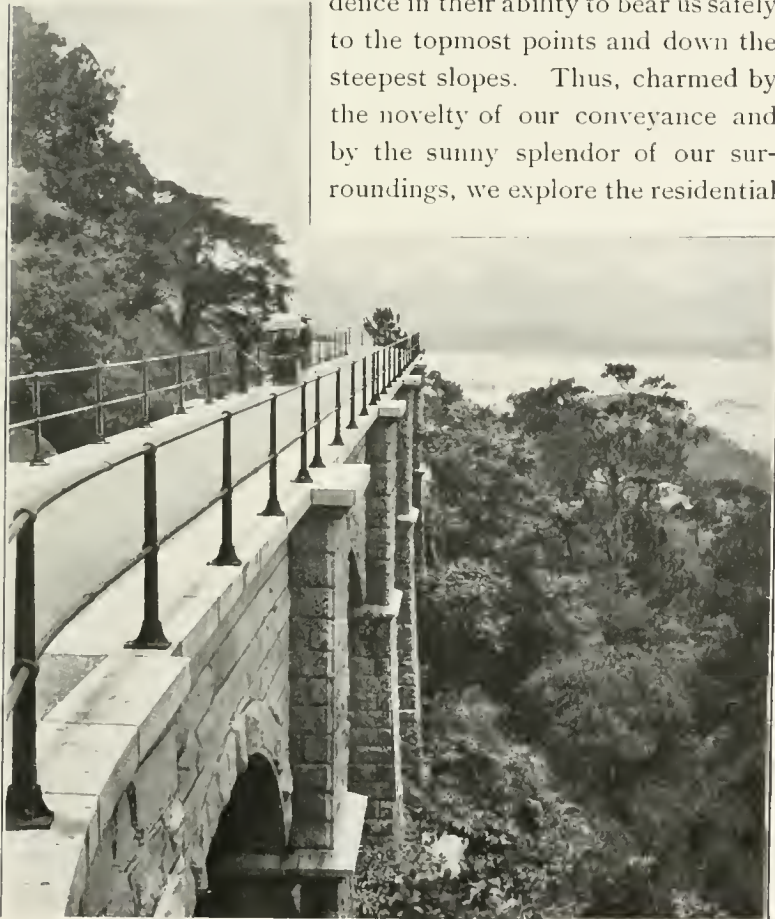


THE HARBOR, FROM THE PEAK

dearer than the 'rikishas : with two bearers, one hour, twenty cents ; all day, one dollar. These prices seem pitifully low, but we must still cut the figures in half, and then snip off a trifle more, for the silver dollar of China is worth less than fifty cents. Thus the two barebacked brown men who have borne your chair upon their shoulders all day long each receives at nightfall the equivalent of one American quarter. If we ask the reason for all this, the resident will point toward yonder mainland province of Kwangtung and remind you of its 29,000,000 plodding persistent workers, gaining a daily wage of from three to seven cents, who look enviously upon

the well-paid coolies of Hongkong. Strikes are of rare occurrence. A chair-excursion up and around about the Peak is as delightful as it is cheap. Smooth roads and paths wind from sea-level to the several mountain-tops and down the farther side to native hamlets on southern shore. The chairs are comfortable, the springy movement imparted by the bamboo poles, so long and flexible, is delightful, and the steady, almost automatic stride of the men inspires confidence in their ability to bear us safely

to the topmost points and down the steepest slopes. Thus, charmed by the novelty of our conveyance and by the sunny splendor of our surroundings, we explore the residential

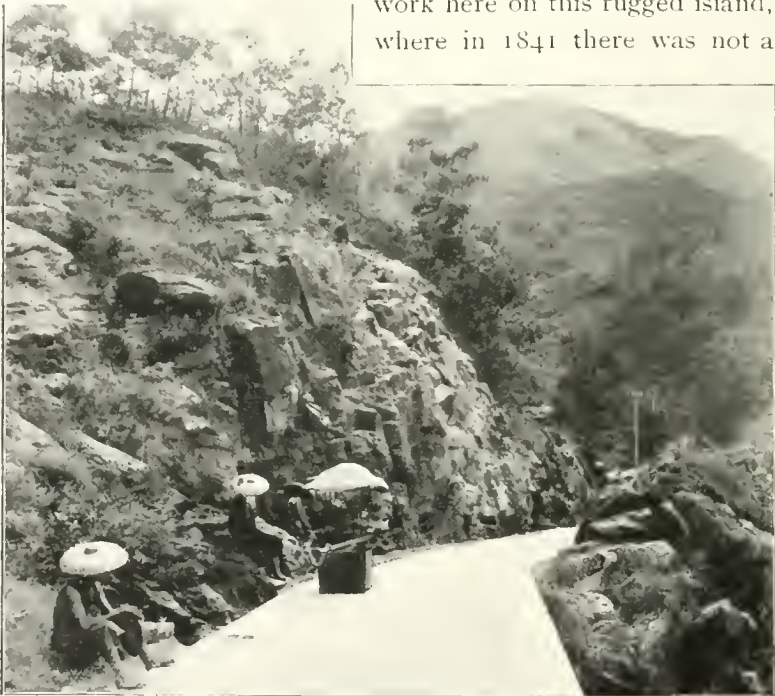


TOWARD KOWLOON

suburbs on the Peak. Up "top-side," as has been said the temperature is lower than in that part of town called "down-side," but the humidity is greater. Sometimes for weeks the Peak is wrapped in damp cloud masses, and everything inside the houses is wringing wet. The first day of sunshine following a foggy period sees these same homes literally turned wrong-side out. Bedding, mattresses, and curtains hang limp from every window, soggy upholstered furniture is ranged out on the lawn as if for a grand auction-sale,—even the shadows try to creep around into the sun to dry themselves.

Above the Peak Hotel looms a larger structure, originally intended for a hotel, but now used as an army sanatorium and barracks.

How marvelously well has England done her work here on this rugged island, where in 1841 there was not a



A PEAK PATHWAY

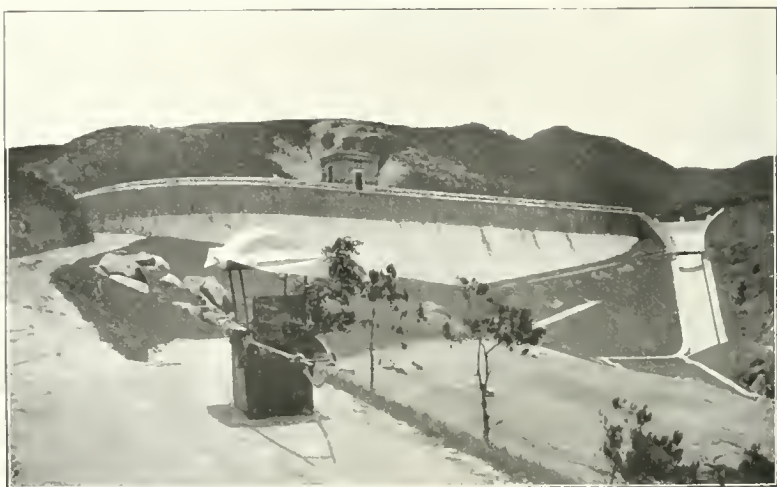


THE TAI TAM DAM

sign of civilization, and where to-day we find a splendid city of a quarter of a million people! The story of Hongkong is worth the telling. The island came into British hands in 1841 as a Voluntary Cession on the part of the Chinese government. China in our day has made voluntary cessions and friendly leases to other powers, but by a strange coincidence the giving of these valuable gifts is always preceded by the assembling of fleets, the roar of cannon, and the march of troops. In 1840, British trade with the great city of Canton had come to a standstill as the result of Chinese interference and hostility. A British fleet blockaded the Canton River. The forts of the Bogue were taken, a fleet of war-junks was destroyed, and British trade was speedily resumed. Then came the "voluntary cession" of a barren island to the so-called barbarian foe. The British found a population of 2,000 miserable fishermen and farmers. A city was founded. It was called Victoria, but it is more widely known as Hongkong, the name of the island on which it stands. In sixty years this thriving city with its splendid commercial palaces, warehouses, factories, dwellings, and

churches, have been created by the mighty impulse of British trade ambition. The opposite peninsula of Kowloon, ceded in 1861, is now the site of splendid dry-docks, ship-yards, and naval-shops, where the fleets of the Pacific may be as thoroughly cared for as in the ship-yards of the Occident. The Spanish ships which Dewey sunk were there refitted under the direction of Lieutenant Hobson.

In 1899, an extensive hinterland, behind Kowloon, came into the possession of the British,—of course, by voluntary



THE TAI TAM RESERVOIR

cession, although two hundred Chinamen were killed,—of course by accident, or rather through their own ignorance of what was best for them, for British rule has proved a blessing to the native population. No fewer than 250,000 Chinese have settled in Hongkong to escape the exactions of their own authorities, to benefit by the just laws, and to enjoy the protection which Great Britain gives to guest as well as subject. Thus, thanks to its moral, commercial, and geographical advantages, Victoria is in 1900 the third seaport of the world, rivaling New York, surpassing Liverpool. Seventeen million tons of shipping enter the port each year.

In 1896 the ships numbered nearly 35,000. Leaving out of consideration the 30,000 Chinese ships, we find that of the foreign vessels more than three thousand were British, 700 German, 120 French, but only fifty-six came under the Stars and Stripes, and the United States is to-day a next-door neighbor!

The public works of the city of Victoria keep pace with her commercial glory. Witness the superb roads and promenades; look at her water-works and reservoirs. Far up



THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANK

amid the island summits we find the splendid Tai Tam reservoir with a capacity of four million gallons and, in spite of its altitude, a catchment area of two thousand acres.

These things all speak of vast commercial success, of rapidly increasing capital. To care for this, to canalize this flood of wealth, there are world-famous banking institutions, of which the most prominent is the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation with a capital of ten million dollars, with an annual net profit to the shareholders of a million and a half. Many of the stupendous loans which China is period-

ically making, and the recent great railway concessions and construction contracts are financed by the "Hongkong Bank." The manager, Sir Thomas Jackson, receives a salary larger than that of the President of the United States, and has besides the use of two residences, each one more com-



THE TOP OF HONGKONG

fortable and more luxurious than the White House in Washington. And yet as we gaze from the peak summit where, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, we find the gardens, tennis courts, and palaces of men enriched by the commerce of that almost impenetrable nation the edge of which we see upon the far horizon, we realize that all that we have seen is but the beginning, the promise of a future prosperity to which



MOUNT AUSTEN BARRACKS

no man dare set a limit. And an eagerness to see what lies beyond those distant hills, to penetrate into the China of the Chinese, lays hold on us. Nor is our desire difficult to realize. We know that Canton, the most populous city of all China, may be reached in half a day by modern river steamers.

En route to Canton the traveler usually stops at the City of Macao, the oldest colony in China, founded by Portugal



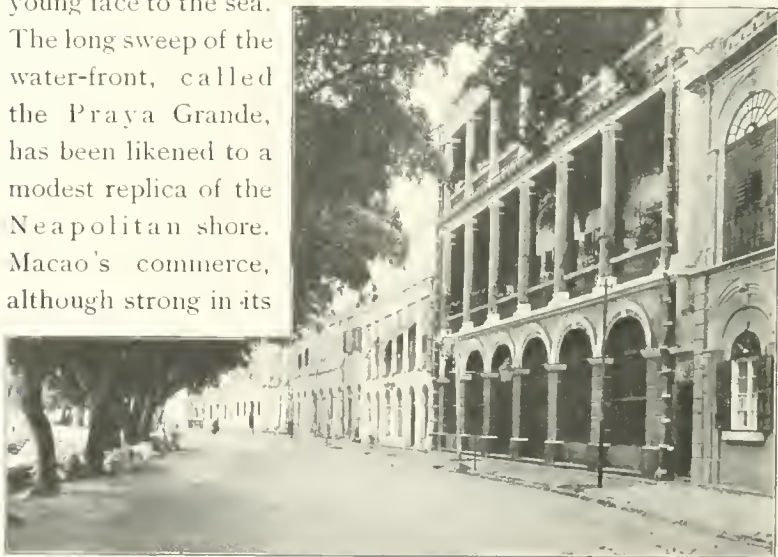
MACAO

in 1557. A voyage of half a day brings us from the busy present to the inactive past. The last thing that we saw at Hongkong was the "Olympia," witness of latter-day events and American conquests. The first thing that arrests the eye as we scan the silhouette of old Macao is a lighthouse, called the *Guia*, or the guiding light—the first and for many years the only lighthouse on the treacherous Chinese coast. It speaks of the forgotten past and of the early conquests of the Portuguese in commerce and in war. Macao,



THE CITY OF THE PORTUGUESE

though lying near the mainland, is built on a peninsula, which itself is a part of an island called Heung Shan. The city, in spite of its medieval origin, presents a fresh and young face to the sea. The long sweep of the water-front, called the Praya Grande, has been likened to a modest replica of the Neapolitan shore. Macao's commerce, although strong in its



THE HOUSE OF AH FONG, MACAO

three centuries of supremacy, could not withstand the competition of Hongkong. Grass grows in the streets to-day, and the shipping trade is largely confined to native junks. Much old wealth still lingers here, but we must not forget as we admire the pure white façades of rich men's dwellings that in the basement of many houses we could find the dark cellars, called barracoons, where stocks of human merchandise were pitilessly confined during the days of the abominable "coolie traffic," a form of contract slavery which was suppressed only in 1874. Advancing along the curving Praya, our native guide points out a stately residence and tells us that it is the property of Ah Fong, a



THE GROTTA OF CAMOËNS

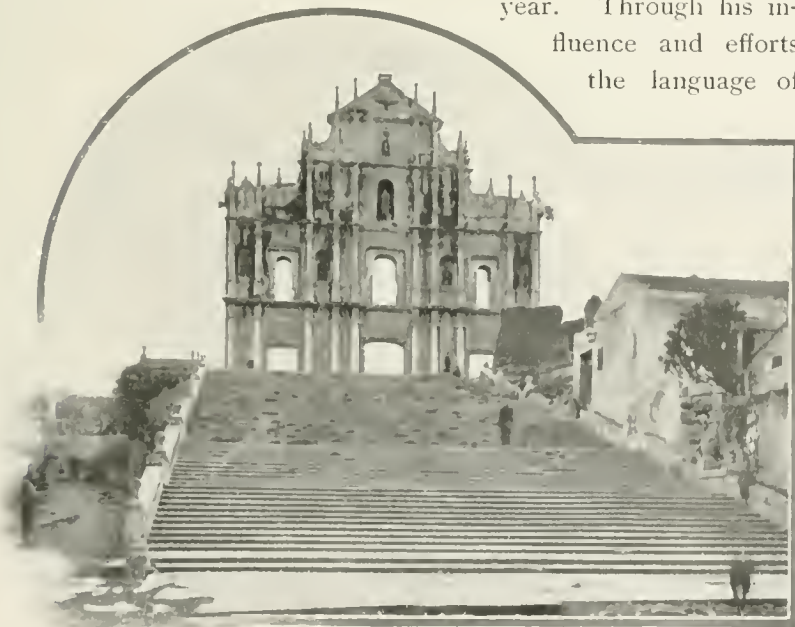


CAMOËNS' GARDEN

Chinese millionaire. There is a familiar ring about the name Ah Fong, that carries our thoughts back to Honolulu. Can we have stumbled upon the dwelling of the vanished Chinese Cæsus, whose Hawaiian family is so well-known in the islands? Yes, so it is—although this is but one of the many residences possessed by him in southern China. His favorite abode is in the hamlet of Wong-mo-si, eight or ten miles inland. It was his boyhood home, and after an absence of forty years he returned to create there, with his foreign millions, a magnificent estate. He has built picturesque Chinese palaces, pavilions, and ancestral temples; there are also memorial pagodas and gateways, with laudatory tablets erected by permission of the Emperor, as enduring testimonials that those who follow the example of Ah Fong, and by lives of industry and honesty amass great wealth, are deserving of Imperial praise. But it is to be noted that the wise plutocrat invests the bulk of his vast

fortune in other lands, where plutocrats, although not praised, are protected—not, as in China, praised and plucked.

Wandering into the higher regions of the town we find in the midst of an ancient garden a grotto, sacred to the memory of Luiz de Camoëns, author of the *Lusiad*, the epic poem of old Portugal. Banished from his native Lisbon in 1547 because of a youthful love-affair, Camoëns served his country in the war with Moorish pirates near Ceuta, on the Barbary Coast. Pardoned, he returned to find his verses far more famous than his deeds of valor. He traveled in the Orient, told in verse of the abuses in the Indian colonies of Portugal, and was again sent into banishment. It was here in the silence of this garden in a rocky recess that he composed the closing stanzas of "*Os Lusiadas*," the poem in which he sang the illustrious deeds of his adventurous countrymen in all parts of the narrow, medieval world which the Lusitanians were, by their explorations, making wider every year. Through his influence and efforts the language of



THE FAÇADE OF SAN PAULO

his ungrateful country was preserved when threatened with extinction by the Spanish occupation. Spanish was spoken at the court of Lisbon, but Camoëns' stanzas were read and cherished by the people. He died in poverty in Lisbon.

Another of the sights which every traveler must see is the hollow ruin of the San Paulo Church, a structure dating from the sixteenth century and partly destroyed by fire in 1835. As we gaze through its casements, glazed only by fragments of the transparent sky, let me remind you that Macao's pretenses to political morality are as hollow as this empty church, which stands here as a fitting symbol of degeneration. The revenues of the colony are almost entirely derived from opium and gambling licenses. In the main street we see illuminated signs that read: "*First-class Gambling House!*" Lawless characters are numerous, and although the peninsula was originally granted to the Portuguese as a thank-offering for their assistance in suppressing a band of medieval pirates, to-day daring outrages are perpetrated by the modern black



IN QUIET OLD MACAO

rovers and pirates on the neighboring streams and sea, and even in the very town itself. In the summer of 1898 a pirate band landed by night, slipped past the sleepy guards, entered the house of a rich native merchant, captured the two wives and ten children of the absent millionaire, put them in sacks,



A CANTON RIVER CAPTAIN

shouldered their living booty, and regained their boats. The authorities prepared to demand reparation from the viceroy of the Province, but the merchant begged to be allowed to pay the ransom, 20,000 taels, to save his family from massacre. He promised ultimately to betray the pirates; but when later he was urged to reveal the place to which the ransom had been sent, he declined to speak, fearing the vengeance of the band. Finally wearied by the inquisitions of the police, he moved to Canton with all his goods, and to guarantee himself against future losses of kindred or of money the wily merchant entered into an association with the pirate company to act for them as financier and capitalist.

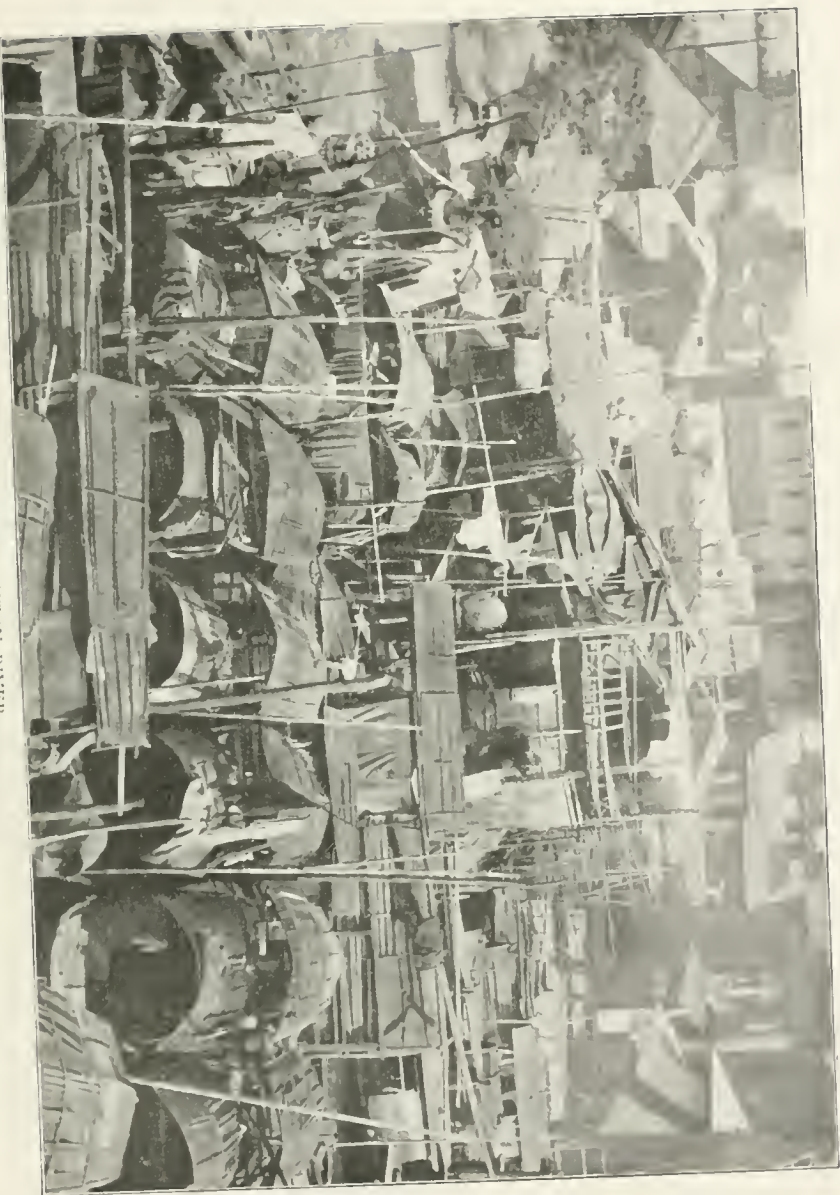
The large river-steamer, on which we travel from Macao to Canton is not unlike in appearance a Hudson River boat. But there the resemblance ceases. There are but seven European passengers; seven hundred chattering Chinese are locked below; yes, *locked* in huge compartments between



ARRIVAL OF A STEAMER AT CANTON

decks, some far down in the hold; we peer down at them through grated hatchways, as if they were wild animals in a deep pit. "Are they all prisoners?" we ask the captain. "Yes," he replies, glancing at the gun marked "loaded" near at hand. "Yes, in a way they're prisoners until we reach Canton. If they were not, we might soon be. Many times a steamer has been stolen bodily by its own steerage passengers, among whom were pirates in disguise, run up some quiet river and there looted or destroyed. We are only four white men in charge; we must take no chances."

There is not space for a description of the eight-hour voyage. The trip is enjoyable and above all restful; there is nothing to do but to sit in a long chair and watch the islands, the green shores, and the lazy junks drift by, until we find ourselves in the rapid reach of the Pearl River, which flows between the two vast aggregations of architectural driftwood that compose the chief city of this prolific province



Photograph by John Wright, Rochester

THE CANTON RIVER

of Kwangtung. Nothing that we have seen in foreign ports has prepared us for this arrival in Canton. At first glance the city repels, and at the same time fascinates the traveler. Our approach is the signal for squadrons of sampans to form in line of battle. Each craft is crowded with half-naked natives gesticulating wildly in their efforts to attract the attention of the Chinese passengers whom they are eager to serve either as porters or as boatmen. As the big steamer nears the pier, while she has still considerable headway, the line of overloaded sampans, impelled by frantic scullers, strikes the starboard side, and at the moment of the shock the clamorous horde scrambles aboard and is lost in the confusion of the steerage decks.

Ofttimes these reckless sampan people meet with disaster; their boats are frequently crushed or overturned by the advancing steamer, and the crews mangled by the propellers or paddles.

But these little mishaps create scarce a ripple of dismay, and no regret whatever — there are too many sampans in the Canton River and many more poverty-stricken boat-folk dependent on this traffic — a sampan less means a score less of competitors.



AI CUM, JR., CONDUCTS US TO THE SHAMEN

A guide is absolutely indispensable in the labyrinthine city of Canton. Knowing this, we had telegraphed from Hongkong to engage a member of the Ah Cum family, who for two generations have been famous as guides.



THE SHAMEEN WATER-FRONT

The answer duly came, assuring us that the eldest son would meet us at the wharf. The telegram read like a cordial invitation, for it closed with the words "Ah Cum!" We came and, on arrival, Mr. Ah Cum, Jr., took possession of us. In his book of testimonials we find the names of Carter Harrison, Chicago, and John L. Stoddard, Boston.

Ah Cum, Jr., conducts us first to

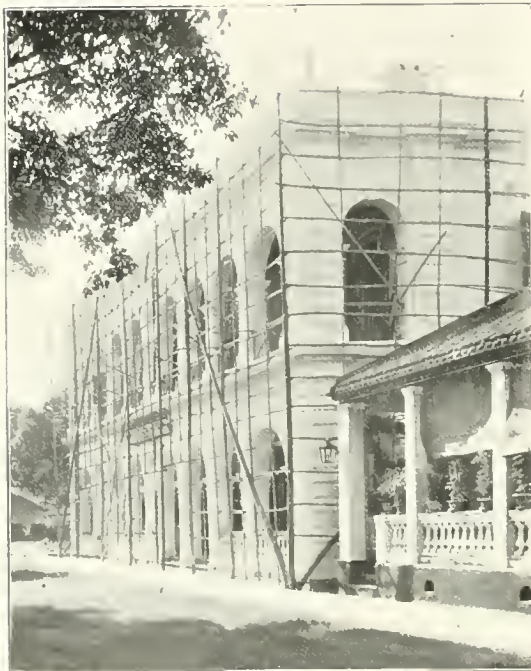


CANTON CONSULATES

the Shameen, the concession occupied by the foreign community. The Shameen is an artificial island, created by filling in a mud-flat in the river. It is about a half a mile in length, one thousand feet in breadth, and is separated from the native town behind by a canal. On our right are gardens, tennis courts, and consulates, but we cannot forget that this is China still, for on the left we see the curious junks plying on the yellow Ching-kiang. The strangeness of the river craft reaches a climax in the Chinese stern-wheel propellers, long junks with broad paddle wheels at the stern. We have seen similar contrivances on the shallow rivers of America ; but in China the motive power is not steam, but human muscle, for on each boat is a gang of coolies like galley-workers, slaving on a treadmill. Long river-voyages are made by these man-propelled "steamers." These fantastic boats, passing along the Shameen quai, tell the dwellers in this alien precinct that China is still China ; that



THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT — BAYONET EXERCISE



THE VICTORIA HOTEL

while man's labor can be hired for a handful of rice daily, there is no need for inventions of the west. An Englishman observed: "Our problem is how one man can do the work of many. China's problem is how to subdivide a given piece of work that it may furnish subsistence to the largest number of persons."

At the Victoria Hotel we find a decent room and a passable dinner—we "pass" most of the courses, especially the meats.



A BRITISH HOME IN CANTON



WITH H. B. SMITH AT CANTON

At the United States Consulate delightful hours are spent in the cheery company of our entertaining consul, who tells



WIDE THOROUGHFARES



THE CONSULAR CHAIR

with picturesque directness amusing stories of his life and tribulations in Canton. He gives to everything he says an illuminating touch, for he is a rare kind of consul—an able, honest, clever man, whom we all have come to love, for he is none other than Hub Smith, who wrote the dainty music for 'Gene Field's dainty lyric, "The Little Peach of Emerald Hue," that grew in the orchard of "Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue." No wonder that we listen gladly to his Oriental "tales of woe." He kindly arranges for us to make a motion picture of a departure of the Representative of the United States, in his official Pea-Green Sedan Chair, for a visit of state to the Imperial Viceroy. After three tremendously amusing rehearsals the scene was played successfully, although it came near being ruined by a lot of balky supernumeraries, the superstitious coolies, finally induced by exhortation and handsome bribes to pass before the camera.

The day has now arrived for us to make our first venture

into the native town. Four chairs await us near the door of the Hotel Victoria, where we have lodged in tolerable comfort and dined only when we could not get an invitation to dine out with some kindly resident.

Canton has the fascination of mystery; it gives that thrill of pleasure for which the traveler travels. At first the difficulties of photography in such a place appear insurmountable, but pictures or no pictures, to *see* this city of Canton is enough—it is a new experience, another Red-Letter Page in life's diary! The sights of Canton, the temples, guilds, and yamens are hid in the appalling native city, the edge of which we see upon the opposite shore of the canal. All day a babel of voices is wafted on the heat waves from the crowded bank over the roofs of boats which never leave their moorings, for they are meant for habitation, not for transportation. At



A HONG



EDGE OF THE NATIVE CITY

night we are startled by the banging of cannon, the din of drums, and the awful lamentations of the long trumpets of the military guard. These sounds announce the closing of the city gates. We never become quite accustomed to them; they evoke always a shivering consciousness of the awful gulf between the European present and the past where China lives, a gulf so deep that we grow dizzy as we try to measure it, and so narrow that we toss a stone across it; for it is no wider than the canal that flows between the Shameen and the Chinese city. The gulf is spanned by a bridge; a stout iron grill at the Chinese end is opened at the approach of our four sedan-chairs, and closed behind us with a clank as we plunge into the Canton of the Cantonese.

The natural aspect of a Canton street has not yet been suggested by photographic means. The atmosphere escapes the camera; the people, too, escape, to right and left, into the shops and alleys. The corridor first entered, which is the street of the shoemakers, was densely packed with a moving throng *before* we halted to set up a tripod. Unfortu-

nately the darkness of the streets precludes the possibility of snap-shot work, and the picture resulting from a time exposure shows an almost empty thoroughfare, with here and there the blurred face of some more daring individual. There is only one Chinaman in Canton who will pose willingly for the photographer. But he, alas, is but the Oriental prototype of the cigar-store Indian! The difficulty in ordinary picture-making being great, it seems like folly to attempt to use the chronomatograph. Yet a desire to show one of these canals of commerce in full flood, induces us to make an effort to secure a motion picture. The first three trials resulted in perilous blockades. The human river, dammed



THE CANTON OF THE CANTONESE

by the crowd that invariably assembled behind the instrument, ceased to flow. Circulation for a moment interrupted, clots of humanity were formed in every lane and side street, and soon the movement of the entire quarter came to a nervous standstill. We always found ourselves the center of a curious mob. Fearing to prolong the excitement, we hastily entered our chairs and worked our way into other channels, there to renew our efforts. Fortunately, we find another animated street where for a few yards sunshine is dripping from the eaves; there by quick work we get the



THE ONLY POSEUR IN CANTON

film in motion before the busy throngs have noticed us, then by shouting menaces in English at the few who manifest an inclination to linger and look on, we delay for a few seconds the formation of the jam. Imagine miles and miles of dimly lighted intersecting corridors, through which an endless procession of hundreds of thousands of toiling creatures is passing thus all day, and day after day,



CLOTS OF HUMANITY

and you may gain a faint conception of street-life in China's busiest, biggest beehive. Nine men in every ten are bearing burdens, huge bales of goods slung from a shoulder pole, bricks balanced on scale-like contrivances, or baskets filled with everything from living pigs to fish that have been too long out of the water. Every bare shoulder has its callous scar, where the hard smooth bamboo has left its mark. The man most heavily weighted has the right of way. Thus we, because we ride in chairs, advance much faster than the crowd; the empty-handed, or rather the free-shouldered, passer-by must step aside for every toiling coolie; the coolie with his twin dangling burdens must shrink aside to let us pass, and we in turn are switched into an alley-way, with unflattering haste, to clear the main street for the passing of a mandarin, a pompous, spectacled official shut in a heavy, curtained, coffin-like conveyance, borne by four miserable coolies, who



MANDARINS

chant a groaning warning as they come swiftly along at a springy, short-stepped trot.

Never have our eyes been busier than in these streets. And so swiftly moves the panorama that we should carry off only a confused impression of multi-colored signs and breathless cries, and indistinguishable miles of merchandise, were it not for the fact that every detail of these kaleidoscopic corridors is repeated many scores of times. In every street we have on both sides a succession of shops, each differing so little from the next that all become one shop and give us a distinct composite picture of that special sort of shop, be it stocked with shoes, ivory carvings, jade bracelets, dry-goods, or multi-colored garments. A glance into the street of tailors convinces us that clothes are made for exhibition only, for coats hang everywhere except upon the backs of citizens. And though the streets are very noisy, yet to us they are doubly dumb. We cannot comprehend the meaning of a single sound, and



SHOP-SHOPS

Prosperous," and one reads simply, "Honest Gains."

And as we are looking down on the roofs of these establishments and are striving to trace the line of the crooked snake-like thoroughfare wriggling away toward one of the city gates, let me recite a list of the

the signs, however vivid their appeal to our sense of color, tell us absolutely nothing. Thus we are both deaf and blind to a wealth of curious impressions. For instance all the shops show bombastic titles on their brilliant boards. One will read "Ten Thousand Times Successful," another "Heavenly Happiness," or "By Heaven Made



STREET OF THE SHOEMAKERS

curious titles of the streets through which we have been carried. Surely a few misnomers have crept in, for we found in "Peace Street" a terrific turmoil; in the "Street of Benevolence and Love" we heard a man reviling; "The Street of Refreshing Breezes" was intensely close; "The Street of Nine-Fold



STOCKINGS STREET

Brightness," very dark. Two streets were appropriately named, "The Street of the Thousand Grandsons," and "The Street of Ten Thousand Grandsons,"—for they were all there, with their grandfathers and their fathers, too, apparently ten thousand times ten thousand of those prolific Cantonese.

And while in those streets, which by law must be seven feet in width, we marvel at their comparative cleanliness



THE STREET OF THE TAILORS

and decency; paved with stone slabs, with no apparent drainage scheme, and lined throughout the city's whole extent with serried shops and shanties they yet remain comparatively free from visible filth. Near the markets there are disagreeable odors, but do not our own cities at times offend the nostrils? Decidedly we are disappointed in the Canton smells. When we take into account our pretensions to



HOUSETOPS AND STREET AWNINGS

superior sanitary methods and to scientific knowledge, and the frankly expressed indifference to all such things of the Chinese, no fair-minded observer can deny that the condition of Canton is far less shameful than that of many of our modern towns. China is still living in the Middle Ages. Could we go back to the Paris and London of the earlier centuries, should we not find that filth and odors were the portion of

Queen Elizabeth and Louis the Magnificent, when they rode in state through the streets of the cities to which we now compare Canton? Moreover, in these Cantonese alleys, much reviled of travelers, we find large shops, that in the richness of their fittings and the immaculateness of their floors and walls and counters would put to shame many a dingy *maga-sin* in the Paris of to-day. Carved ebony and teak-wood,—



CANTON

gilded, sculptured screens,—lanterns with beautiful designs, painted on delicate rice-paper or on silk,—these things abound in hundreds of these shops; and everywhere, in the humble niche of the petty dealer and in the high-ceiled hall of the complacent silk or ivory merchant, there hang two incongruous, ugly, useful articles imported from our land—a Yankee kerosene-lamp and a New England time-piece, ticking

out the long hours of the Orient with the same tick that measures the fleeting seconds of the West. A Chinese clock differs in many important details from the imported article. A famous specimen of native manufacture is found in the upper chamber of a dingy tower. It dates from the year



A SILK EMPORIUM

1500. It has no springs, no wheels, no hands. It consists of four copper vases. Water trickling from one to another gradually fills the lowest receptacle, and lifts the slender gauge, resembling a light two-foot rule. The Chinese day has twelve periods of two hours each, divided into eight shorter periods of fifteen minutes each; the shortest unit of time in China is a quarter of an hour. This gives an idea of

the comparative value of time in the Celestial Empire—a Chinese second is, so to speak, a quarter of an hour long.

There are many shops which the traveler cannot enter without danger, that is, unless he be strong to resist the irresistible temptations offered by the fabrics and the curios therein displayed. The danger lies in the cheapness of the gorgeous fabrics or quaint conceits, in the feigned indifference of the merchant, and in the thought that never again will there be an opportunity to buy so many beautiful and curious things for so insignificant a sum of money. Embroideries, brocades, and gorgeous garments are spread before us until the color senses ache; and soon our resolutions *not* to buy lie shattered on the floor beneath a heap of useless lovely things that we have bought. Then, on the verge of bankruptcy, we turn from shops where goods are sold for cash to shops where



YANKER LAMP AND CLOCKS

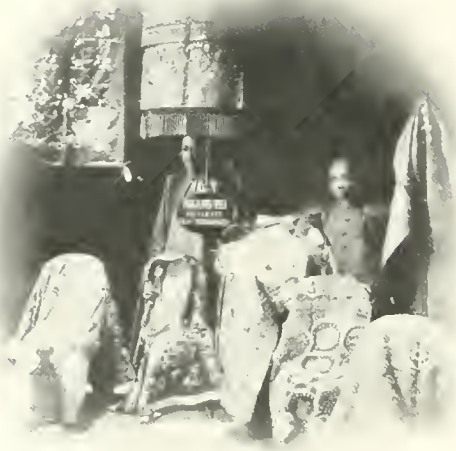
cash is the commodity on sale, and goods of every sort the purchasing medium. Literally speaking, pawnshops are the most prominent business enterprises in Canton. From the roof of one pawnshop, an Oriental skyscraper, a hundred others are seen in various directions, and we should find on the parapet of each an array of paving stones, conveniently arranged



THE WATER CLOCK

to be dropped upon the heads of rioters or thieves should a mob gather in times of turmoil and pillage.

Among the surprises in store for strangers in Canton is the Provincial Mint, one of the best equipped and largest money-factories not only in the East, but in the world. Of course the machinery, of European make, is under the direction of an English manager and expert. Two million coins per day have been struck. The currency of China is still in a chaotic state. The modern mints in various provinces each turn out a dollar differing in weight and fineness from the dollars of its rivals; there are silver dollars of ten different values now in circulation. Although no gold is coined, the mints are not open to the free coinage of silver; the amount to be issued is determined by the authorities in charge of the finances of the province. The "tael," which is the standard of value, is not a coin, it is a given weight of silver used in commercial reckonings. The taels also vary in value; there are the long taels of the Custom Department, worth seventy-two



TEMPTATIONS

cents in gold and the short tael of Shanghai worth only sixty-five cents. But with the poor, and this means almost the entire population, the familiar unit is the copper cash, a crude perforated disk, worth about one twentieth of a cent. A gold dollar's worth of Chinese cash would weigh no less than eighteen pounds, and be composed of from two to four thousand coins, according to the kind of cash, for even the cash

lacks uniformity of value. The climax of absurdity is reached when we are told that a string of 1000 cash is sometimes composed of 700 pieces, and sometimes of 1100, according to the regulations that prevail in different localities!

Leaving the Mint, we make our way to Canton's most conspicuous edifice, the French Cathedral. It stands upon the site of the former Yamen, or official residence of the famous Viceroy Yeh, who inspired and organized Canton's resistance to the French and English during the war of 1857. He was the viceroy who even in defeat remained true to his boast that he would never meet a European face to face, for he was found by British blue-jackets in the act of crawling ignominiously over the back wall of a secluded garden. For four years the French and English allies occupied the city,—from 1857 to 1861,—and this cathedral, built a few years later by the French, must be to every thinking citizen a hateful reminder of his city's foolish obstinacy, reckless folly,

inglorious capture, and ignominious occupation. The spires dominate the flat expanse of the ramshackle metropolis and are seen from the steamer's deck long before the city comes in view.

Along the Canton river-front usual conditions are reversed ; the river does not inundate the city — instead, the city overflows its banks and pours a flood of dwellings into the yellow stream. In amazement we ask, "Is Canton on land or on water?" It is on land *and* water ; about 2,000,000 people live on land, about 200,000 people on the water. And the land-dwellers look with contempt upon the floating population. But the river-folk are happy in their independence of



PAWNSHOPS

landlords and land-taxes. This aquatic community, equal to the population of New Orleans, rarely sets foot upon the land, but circulates upon streets and alleyways of planks and gangways leading into this maze of floating homes, moored in the stagnant canals and in the rapid-flowing river.

The double-decked and gaily decorated barges anchored in close array are among the most curious institutions of this

fluvial quarter. While all the rest of Canton sleeps, this suburb on the tide is wide-awake and the "Flower Boats" or restaurants are brilliantly illuminated. One night we visited the quarter with two guides, a camera, and a flashlight pistol. We peered into boat after boat, for everything is open to the public gaze. We saw rich men entertaining friends at costly dinners, providing for their guests elaborate puppet-



HOUSE OF THE MANAGER OF THE MINT



"IN BOCK"

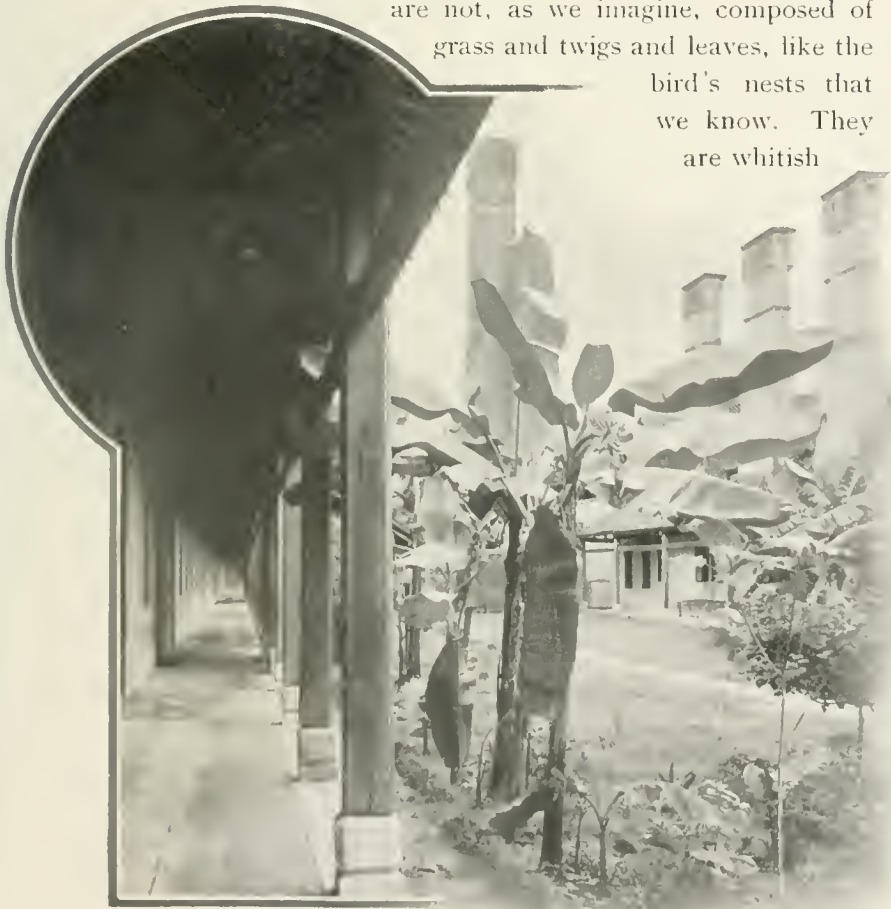
shows, or regaling them with the ear-piercing vocalizations of the Chinese "singsong" girls. Under cover of a dark outer deck or balcony of one of the elaborate Flower Boats, we planted a camera, discharged a flashlight, and as the thick cloud of smoke swirled in to choke the merry-makers, we fled along the slippery planks and gangways into the obscurity of the



A FEAST IN A "FLOWER BOAT"

rainy, pitch-dark night. A perfectly natural, unposed picture was the reward of our temerity, the sitters all unconscious of our presence. They saw a great light — swallowed a lot of smoke — and wondered what had happened. A Chinese dinner party is a very long, elaborate affair; hours are consumed in dallying with sweetmeats at a preliminary table before the guests adjourn to the larger festal board spread with the essentials of the meal, the bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, and other luxuries. The bird's nests eaten by the rich Chinese

are not, as we imagine, composed of grass and twigs and leaves, like the bird's nests that we know. They are whitish



THE MINT

masses of gelatinous substance, partly secreted and partly accumulated by the sea birds which inhabit the caves of Borneo and of the Philippines. Shark's fins ought not to shock people who eat lobster, crabs, and oysters, while as for other articles of Chinese diet in the feline, canine, and asinine line, some one has put it very euphemistically by saying : "In regard to the first requirement of the body, food, they [the Chinese] are singularly free from prejudices which interfere with the utilization of any harmless nutritive substance."

Among the lesser vices of these yellow folk is a curious habit, most common among the Filipinos and other Malay races — the chewing of the betel-nut. An illustration shows the outfit of a purveyor of this luxury. The nuts of the

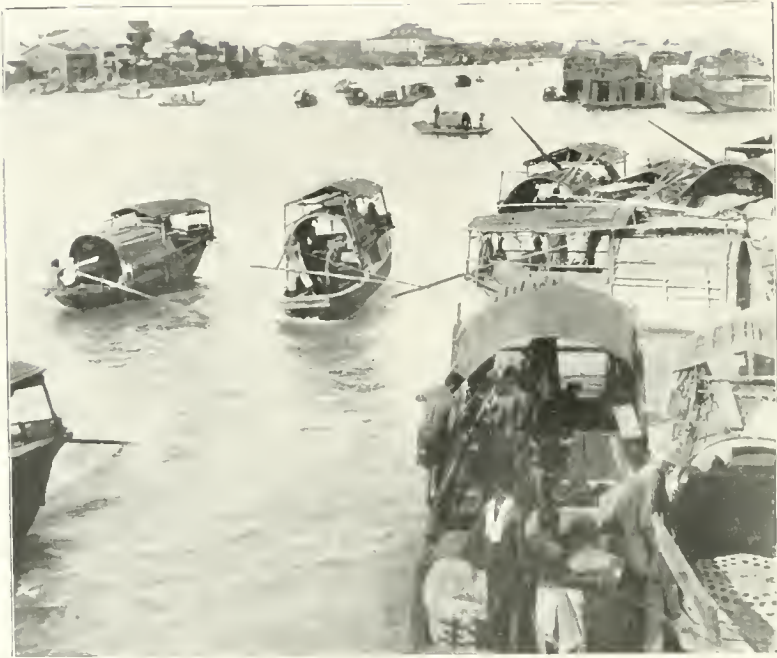


IN THE GARDEN OF THE MINT

areca palm have been neatly sliced, revealing the whitish meat ; to right and left are pots of lime stained pink with a powder called suggestively "sing chew," with which to smear the nut to give the proper savor. The green leaves of the betel plant serve as wrappers for the masticatory morsel. One tenth of the human race is addicted to this habit of chewing the betel. It stains the lips a brilliant red and in time blackens every tooth. Yet its effects are declared to be identical with those attributed to pepsin gum : it sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums, and improves digestion. The



THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL



THE CANTON RIVER FRONT

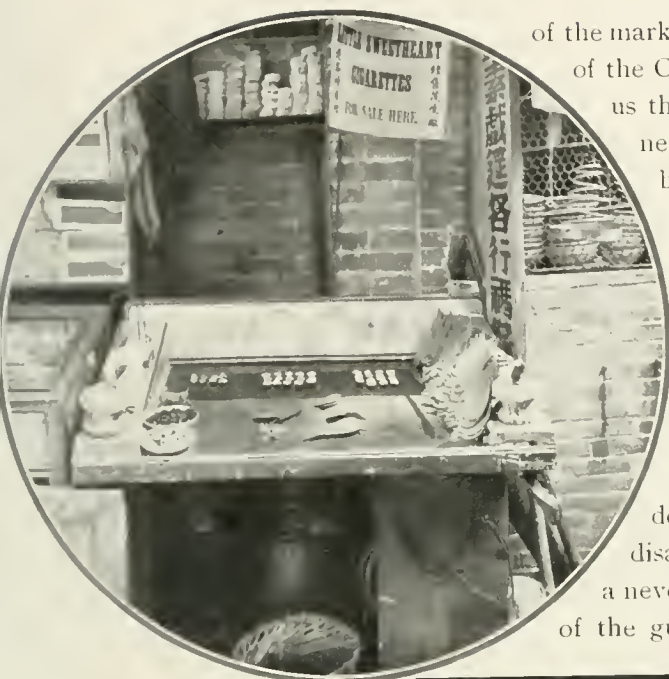
Photograph by John Wright, Rochester.

foreigner, however, feels called upon to condemn the habit, and in his effort to reform the Orient, he introduces as a tempting substitute for the areca nut, a supply of deadly cigarettes, benevolently placed within the reach of the well-to-do at three cents per box of twenty.

The fact that western civilization is making way in China is convincingly illustrated in a neighboring street. A native dental practitioner, educated by a German dentist, has, with unconscious irony, established his booth of scientific torture in the "Street of Heavenly Peace." Comparative insensibility to pain is one



EDIBLE BIRD'S NESTS



of the marked characteristics of the Chinese race. To us they seem to be a nerveless people; but if they have dormant nerves, the instruments of modern dental surgery will soon awaken them. While upon painful subjects let us have done with a very disagreeable and yet a never omitted feature of the guide's itinerary,—

BETEL-NUTS

the visit to the place of execution. This gloomy alleyway, in which the potters of the quarter set out their jars and bowls to dry, boasts of more of the slain than a great many battle-fields—the Chinese headsmen boast more victims than do the executioners of the French Revolution. I shall





A CANTON DENTIST

sufferings of other living beings, and who sacrifice their own lives and the lives of others so calmly and unfeelingly should give lifelong consideration to the comfort and convenience of the dead, and worship so assiduously at the shrines of their departed ancestors. "More trouble than a funeral" is a common saying in this land, where funerals sometimes result in bankruptcy for the surviving members of the

not describe the crude, cruel, and merciless proceedings that attend the decapitations of the impassive native criminals, nor shall I speak of the more horrid spectacles that are suggested by the two crosses that lean against the neighboring wall. It is indeed strange that a people who pay no heed to their own or the



TWO CROSSES AND A SKULL

family. The death of a parent entails a never-ending sequence of complicated costly ceremonials. An altar to the dead must be erected in his dwelling, and there remain one hundred days ; before it, relatives must bow and weep twice daily. It is not until the seventh day after death that the deceased becomes aware of the fact that he is dead. The eyes of the dead are covered with gilt money-paper to prevent the departed from counting the tiles in the roof, for if he should do so the family could never build a more spacious dwelling.

The coffin-maker when he sells one of his heavy wooden caskets must give the purchaser a present of a box of bon-bons,—that the transaction may not be altogether sad. The man who buys the coffin must guide the bearers to the house of mourning ; for should the bearers, not knowing the exact locality, ask the way, terrible misfortune would befall the innocent people whom they question. Upon the death of an old man it is not always necessary to patronize the mortuary carpenter ; the need of a coffin has been long anticipated. It is a



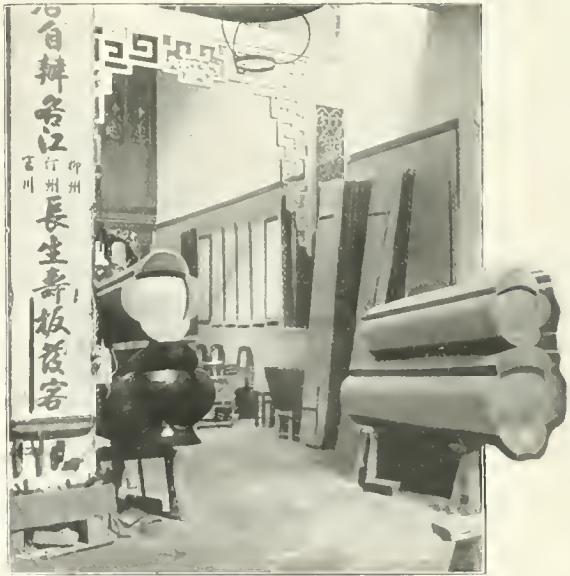
THE FIVE-STORIED PAGODA



COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCES

custom for thoughtful children and grandchildren when the chief ancestor reaches the age of sixty-one, to club together and purchase for the dear old gentleman the costliest coffin that their means afford. The giving of this grown birthday present is regarded as a beautiful expression of filial piety and love. Failing, however, to receive this most

welcome present, a wealthy Chinese will order at his own expense an elaborate coffin against the day of need. The Grand Old Man of China, Li Hung Chang, carried a coffin nearly half way round the world; but at Marseilles, apparently convinced that he would live to reach his native land, left it in the baggage-room



CANTON COFFINS



LOTUS TIME IN CHINA

of the hotel. At last the manager of the hotel, embarrassed by this legacy, sent it to the Custom House to be put up at auction. But there was not a single bidder, coffins being but an afterthought in the gay land of France.

Other funeral customs excite our mirth as well as our surprise, for who can learn without a smile that grief-stricken sons always put *funs* into the coffins of respected and presumably respectable parents? Moreover, the sons unbraid their cues to indicate confusion, and if they have lost both

parents, they bare the body to the waist. Judging from the prevailing semi-nudity, half the people in Canton are orphans. The father's land is divided equally among the sons, the eldest receiving an additional tenth because of the extra expense he must incur from worshipping the spirits of the ancestors. The funeral itself is an



THE PAGODA BALCONY



THE PAGODA GARDEN



A CARVED SHRINE

elaborate affair, lasting for many days. During this time relatives near and remote must be generously honored and fed, priests must be paid, and spirit offerings purchased. All the necessities of spirit life are sent to the departed by burning them in paper effigy.

Silver and gold,

clothing, opium and tobacco, pipes, eyeglasses, wallets, boxes, horses, sedan-chairs, boats and servants,—all elaborately fashioned of paper, and very costly, are fed to the flames. Other families seize the opportunity to send supplies and money to their kin in the next world. Other supplies of an inferior quality are burned to satisfy the pauper dead and to persuade them not to intercept these shipments to the rich.



ANCESTRAL TABLETS



SACRED PIGS

New clothing is sent on the three recurring anniversaries of the day of decease. During the funeral ceremonies all the sons wear tall caps of sackcloth and wads of spirit money dangling over the ears to shut out the criti-

cisms of relatives, who may not be pleased with their manner of conducting the ceremonies or with the quality of food provided for the mourners. Moreover, as a student of Chinese customs has written: "The occult influence of the resting-place of the dead upon the weal of the living is believed to be so great that no man who has prospered since the death of his chief ancestor would permit a change in the configuration



GILDED GODS



THE HOLY FIVE HUNDRED

of the landscape surrounding the tomb. Those upon whom calamity comes always remove the graves to another site. The hundreds of millions of living Chinese are under the galling subjection of thousands of millions of the dead. The generation of to-day is chained to the generations of the past." This cult of the dead is carried to extremes that are to us preposterous, yet we are compelled to admit the cor-

rectness of the logic which prompts the government to ennoble the dead parents of men who distinguish themselves.

Thus, titles are extended backward to the ancestors who produced the hero, or the genius, rather than forward to his descendants who may prove entirely unworthy of the honor. The only



A TEMPLE COURT



TEMPLE OF THE EMPEROR

sacred places that appear to be respected or kept in repair are ancestral temples. Even the Temple of the Emperor, containing the imperial tablets, is dilapidated, dirty, and abandoned. It has the air of an old barn or stable standing in the middle of a vacant lot. Yet in this old building is enshrined a simulacrum of the famous Dragon Throne of Peking,



DAINTY DECORATIONS

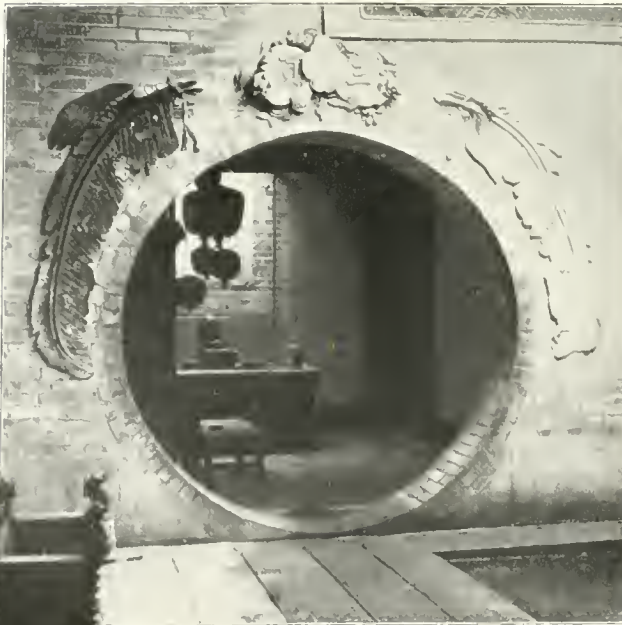
the throne of the poor young Emperor, whose name, Kwang Shu, which means "the Glorious Succession," sounds to us like a mocking epithet of fate. According to the celestial symbolism, the dragon stands for majesty and power, authority and dignity; but entering this imperial shed, we find two dragons conspicuously lacking in these attributes,



THE EXAMINATION ENCLOSURE

fantastic creatures, made of papier-maché glaringly colored, stabled at the very foot of the Dragon Throne.

On the throne rises the Imperial Tablet, which represents



A CURIOUS PORTAL

the sacred person of the "Son of Heaven," ruler over one quarter of the whole human race and over one twelfth part of this broad earth. It bears in gold letters the inscription: "May the Emperor reign ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years."

Another tablet condemns the Empress to an early demise, for it reads: "May the Empress live one thousand years, one thousand times one thousand years." With this comparatively short allotment of time can we blame the Empress for making the most of her earthly opportunities?

The temples are almost without exception abandoned to decay and filth; and if the Emperor's shrine deserves the name of stable, a certain Buddhist Temple might well be called a pigsty, did we not fear to do injustice to the very sacred pigs which occupy the very neatest, cleanest corner of the institution. These happy porkers, offerings to Buddha, are protected by a sign which reads: "Visitors will do Well not to Annoy the Pigs, for an All-Seeing Eye will take Cognizance of their Cruelty, and on the Day of Retribution most seriously Resent it." In a Buddhist temple we find the gilded idols that are believed actually to see and hear and feel. For instance, during the infrequent repairing of the shrine, red paper is pasted over the eyes lest they behold disorder and be troubled. A rural god, who failed to listen to long continued prayers for rain, was dragged out into the parched fields and left to blister in the sun. Again, legal suit was brought against a priest, and the god of his temple, as his accomplice, was ordered into court and when the image did not kneel at the command of the high magistrate,



THE LITERARY CLUB

it was sentenced for contempt of court to receive five hundred blows as punishment. It behooves a Chinese god to be as circumspect as possible and to attend strictly to business. The saying that "there is a god to every eight feet of space" is literally true in the Hall of the Five Hundred Genii, the five hundred early followers of Buddha, who sit in snug self-satisfied poses in Flowery Forest Monastery.

"And do you really believe that there are gods like all these various personages in carven wood and gilded



EXAMINATION SHEDS

clay?" was asked of an intelligent Chinese. His answer was indeed rich in Oriental subtlety, "If you believe in them then there *are* gods, if you do not believe in them then they are not. To worship them can do no harm and it may do some good. It is well to be on the safe side."

The Chinese have no creed, only a cult, or rather several cults; for one and the same man frequently professes a belief in Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. The exercise of intellectual hospitality has led him to entertain, without the slightest mental embarrassment, the most incongruous forms of belief. It might be said with truth that literature is the

religion of the Chinese. It is the one thing that they treat with unvarying respect. While they may insult idols inattentive to their supplications, and abandon temples to the tooth of time, every scrap of paper on which a single letter of their endless alphabet is traced becomes at once a sacred thing,—a thing that may not be neglected or profaned. It is incredible, but true, that we might rather expect to see the streets of London littered with five-pound notes, than to find lying in the streets of Canton bits of waste paper with printed, stamped, or written characters upon them. Every torn scrap is gathered up as conscientiously as we should pick up hundred-dollar bills, and reverently deposited in special boxes, placed at convenient distances in every street; a corps of men hired by the literary mandarins scour the city every day, assembling all loose bits of manuscript, and the contents of these boxes; this mass of paper is then conveyed to various temples and burned in metal furnaces. The ashes are placed in jars, and carried to the river bank where the incinerated literary refuse of the day is scattered on the surface of a seaward-flowing stream.

What is the ambition of a Chinese boy? To become a general, a millionaire, a governor, or a politician?—No. To become a scholar; for only scholars may aspire to the high places. Chinese scholars are the



SALON OF THE LITERARY CLUB

most educated scholars in the world. I do not say best educated, but *most* educated. The mass of learning which they absorb is as vast as it is useless. At the age of five, boys are able to read and repeat volumes of the classics of Confucius, Mencius, and other sages, and this before they know the meaning of the words they utter. They must know by heart the works of all the sages if they are to compete in the great examinations, success in which is the only road to honor and to power. Every male from eighteen to ninety years of age is eligible to compete for a degree. The triennial examinations are held in a twenty-acre enclosure, filled with long sheds of brick and tile, each divided into tiny cells for the confinement of the candidates. There are no fewer than 11,673 of these



LOTUS LEAVES

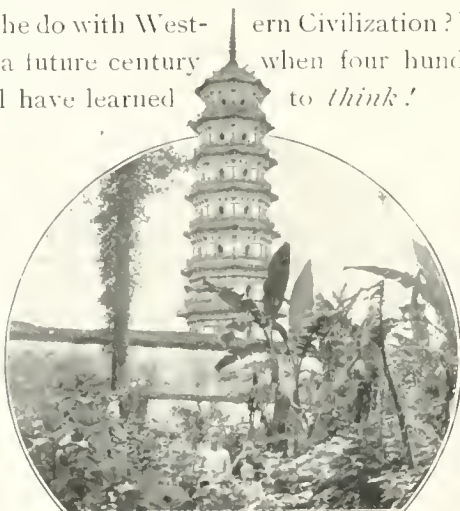
examination boxes, and usually there are more candidates than can be properly isolated for the preliminary tests. For three days and nights the unhappy prisoners fret in their narrow stalls, turning out essays on quotations from the classics, poems of a given length, or themes on abstruse points of natural philosophy. In a recent competition there were thirty-five candidates over eighty years of age, and eighteen venerable unsuccessful plodders at the age of ninety years came with the boys and men of middle age to try once more for the long-coveted reward. But even those who finally obtain the first degree, called that of "Flowering Talent," are but upon the



LUXURIOUS LILIES

threshold of advancement. They must achieve, in weightier mental contests at Peking, the Degree of "Promoted Talent" and the Degree of "Advanced Scholar." Then only do they become "Expectants of Office." Thus with the better part of life wasted in arduous misdirection, with minds oppressed by the weight of ponderous inconsequential theories and maxims, they are ready to assume responsibilities of government. Men who succeed in this memorizing strife have attained the highest social plane; they are regarded as successful men, and enjoy the reverence and admiration of the uneducated masses.

But, you may ask, "What of the women? You have said no word of them. Your talk has been of mandarins and coolies. What of their wives and daughters? You have shown us shops and temples, what of the Chinese homes?" We saw no homes; the traveler rarely enters them. Of women we saw a few toddling upon their tiny deformed feet along the crowded streets. One was knocked down by the pole of my advancing chair. I could not force the men to stop to pick her up. They merely laughed as if to say, "Did you not see that it was nothing but a woman?" And when we remember that Confucius taught that woman was man's chattel and had no soul, we see the awful force of the missionary statement that the "answer to Confucianism is China." And yet the yellow man in spite of his mental deformities is a marvelous piece of human mechanism. He is apparently able to do almost everything by means of almost nothing. He is rich in industry and frugality. His mind is capable of feats, which, although barren of results, surpass as mere achievements the triumphs of the white man's intellect. He is above all numerous, his number baffles computation; we say, four hundred millions, but we cannot conceive of such an aggregation of humanity. "What shall we do with him?" Western Civilization asks to-day. "What will he do with Western Civilization?" may be the question of a future century when four hundred millions of him shall have learned to *think!*



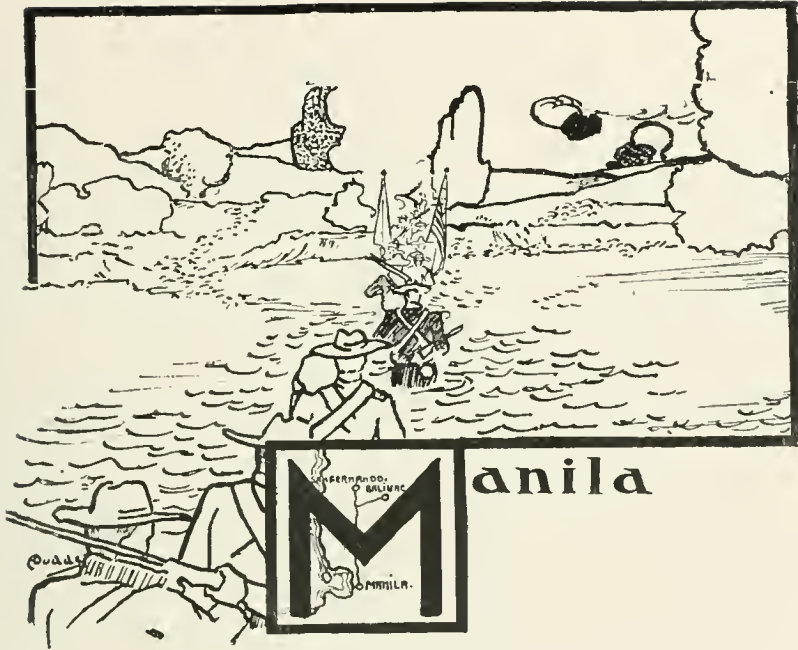
THE PRETTIEST PAGODA OF CANTON



MANILA
SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT — BALIAG

SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT — BALIUAG

MANILA



IN 1899 America was looking with anxious interest toward the Philippines. Admiral Dewey, his work accomplished, had left Manila; General Otis, as military governor, was in command; the Filipinos under Aguinaldo were successfully defending themselves, and all the American forces were confined to the immediate surroundings of Manila and to a thin wedge of country bordering the railway that leads northward from the capital. This being the situation, it would appear that little inducement was offered to the traveler to direct his steps toward the Far Eastern archipelago that fate had assigned to Uncle Sam. But Manila itself was accessible, and the situation, political and military, presented picturesque aspects that appealed even to the globe-trotter intent only upon what is called in the East a "Look See."

It takes three days to cross the China Sea from Hong-kong to Manila. Our steamer is the famous "Esmeralda," grown old in this service. Our traveling companions are white folk, black folk, brown folk, yellow folk, and sundry other individuals variously "complected."



HONGKONG

The voyage begins gaily enough; a lovely night, big tables spread on deck, all hands hungry. But once outside the harbor, the winds begin to howl and the sea rises. Diners one by one forsake the tables and retire to bunks which are so stuffy that those who are not already helpless pre-empt sleeping-places on the upper deck. I slept upon a pile of life-rafts, my companions in cots and long-chairs of



DEWEY AT THE LANDING

bamboo. The first day out was the hottest and the wettest I have ever lived through ; shower after shower of tropic fury came in half-hourly succession, and each one stayed with us for a full hour, so, as it were, the showers overlapped. Thus we accumulated downpours until the decks ran deep and the canvas awning leaked copious streams. A miserable, sticky, lazy, hopeless day ! The second day is fair and calm, a rare



NIGHTMARE ?

day in these troubled waters. Few of us have energy enough to dress ; we open and shut unread books, and after a day of utter idleness closed by a gorgeous sunset, after a glimpse of the peaks of Northern Luzon, we again make our beds on deck,—men, women, and children in pajamas and kimonos,—and sleep like patients in a hospital ward. Terrific rain- and thunder-storms break the monotony of the night. We wrap ourselves in mackintoshes, roll up our bedding, and sit upon it

to keep it dry till the awning ceases to leak ; then we lie down again until another downpour forces us to repeat the operation. And when finally we wake at 5 A. M., we discover that we have already passed the island of Corregidor — that we are already in Manila Bay. There in the distance the long low line of the Filipino capital is cut against the misty morning sky. The Bay is very vast, Corregidor is almost thirty miles behind us and quite invisible. Cavité is indicated by a thin white line, so faint that it is scarcely



MANILA FROM THE BAY

seen, while the encircling shore, except that immediately adjacent to Manila, is lost in distance. It is only on the clearest days that Manila Bay appears to be a landlocked sheet of water ; it usually resembles the open sea, and frequently the roughness of its waves makes the resemblance unpleasantly remarkable. All hands are eager to put ashore.

But the health officer orders us into quarantine because we come from Hongkong, where the plague is raging. And so for three long days we are to frizzle on the crowded ship, at anchor in a tropic harbor, under a tropic sun. And the



NIGHT ON THE CHINA SEA

passengers who have donned fresh white suits and made themselves look unrecognizably respectable, relapse into their former limp and helpless manner and give up trying to keep their clothes clean. The mail is fumigated and taken ashore by American officers. While we sit growling at the breakfast table, we hear a big faint roar, and rushing out on deck, we see the ships of the American squadron far away in Bacoor Bay, shelling the insurgents on the shore. They say our land forces are also engaged, and all the morning we sit



MANILA HARBOR

calmly on the deck, watching the bursts of smoke, and timing the big shots from the Monitors. It is a terrific spectacle, made unreal and vague by the long miles of space between us and the warships. From nine until eleven, and again from one until three o'clock, the guns thunder. We can see the "Monadnock" belch forth a cloud of smoke; then after twenty-one seconds comes the deep report; meanwhile, somewhere on the shore, a column of white smoke rises like a sudden geyser eruption and then fades away. Hundreds of lesser shells are seen bursting thus, ten or a dozen white columns being simultaneously visible. At five o'clock heavy

volley fire is heard. No smoke is seen, but the long drum-like rolls, merging into one another, seem more awful, more suggestive of death than the picturesque rain of shells which preceded them. We learn that seventy-five men were



MANILA BAY

wounded in the course of the day. We are astounded to find the fighting line so near the city ; for men are killing one another there, not eight miles from the gates of Old Manila, and this after a six-months' pursuit of an enemy whom we, contemptuous white men, have pretended to despise.

For three days and nights we are confined on board our steamer, which we call the " Pest Ship."

Yet we are not nearly so miserable as our situation would appear to warrant. We have met the fact of quarantine with a cheerful, perspiring resignation, and we find consolation in voracious eating. All of us have high-sea appetites ; of course there is no suspicion of sea-sickness, for the bay is glassy in its torrid calm.

Even the most trivial incidents cause a stir. If a man falls asleep and snores, it interests and delights everybody. If a steam-launch passes, all eyes are fixed on her.

A Filipino passenger produces a phonograph, and every evening all hands crowd around the mouth of the machine and listen ecstatically to the French songs and American marches that are ground out by the instrument. The group is a motley one—Spanish friars, Filipinos, half-castes, American fortune-seekers, British business men, Chinese sailors, stewards and coolies, and two young women from Argentina,—all hanging upon the shrill notes of the talking-machine.

There are many other things to interest us. All night we see the search-lights on the distant men-of-war, wigwagging signals to Manila, while little launches silently patrol the bay. On the second day we witness the sailing of the transports of the Oregon volunteers. We cheer them heartily, but the English captain



DISTRACTIONS FOR THE QUARANTINED

of our steamer does not order a salute as our big ships glide by, whereupon a stout American lady, with a patriotic fervor worthy of Barbara Frietchie herself looses the halyards and dips the British ensign repeatedly, while the captain and the crew look on in stark and speechless horror.



THE PASIG RIVER

The third day comes with the same rosy sunrise, the fresh coolness of morning, and the new thought, "To-day we go ashore—perhaps." The doctor is on board examining the Chinese steerage. Then all cabin passengers are ordered to line up on deck, men port side, women starboard. There we stand, most of us in pajamas or kimonos, with bare or slippered feet, unbrushed hair, and smiles of hope. We are



LIEFIN WITH GENERAL OTIS'S STAFF

merely counted to make sure that no plague-stricken body had been surreptitiously chucked overboard. Convinced of this, the handsome young M. D. declares quarantine off. We give a howl of joy, dress, pack, and then sit on our piled-up bundles, and wait an hour for the customs-officer. At last he comes, one lone young volunteer, wearing a khaki uniform and a dejected expression. He looks into our kit and says, in a discouraged tone: "All right, you can take your hand-baggage ashore." Joyful confusion ensues.

Just as I am congratulating myself that my troubles are now ended, a new trouble comes up the gangway, in the person of the immigration-officer, a courteous young fellow who finds that three Chinese have no passports and therefore



GENERAL OTIS'S VILLA ON THE PASIG

cannot land. "But my boy has the consul's consent to accompany me. The Steamship Company assured me that no further papers were required except an order from Mr. Wildman, to authorize them to issue a ticket to Ah Kee." This is my confident protest. But the officer is obstinate, though he promises to try to arrange matters with the captain of the port if I will leave Ah Kee on board until I hear



MANILA DEFENSES

from the shore authorities. Ten minutes later temptation follows trouble. The captain tells me there has been a mistake in the count-up; Ah Kee did not line up and was not counted in; the three Chinese who have no passports are confined in the hold; the letter of the regulations is not violated, therefore I may take Ah Kee away, say nothing, and all will be well. I assure the captain that I don't wish to get him or myself into trouble.

"No fear, go ahead"; and go ahead I do.



THE ORIENTE

The passengers are crowding into a steam-launch. I charter a small Filipino "boté" with three native paddlers, embark my thirteen pieces of baggage, and push off from the "Pest Ship." My craft is long and narrow, with a low-arched mat roof, under which we crouch. We are already far from the ship before the thought takes hold of me: "Suppose these boatmen are insurgents? There is the rebel shore to the right; suppose they paddle over that way and deliver me to the enemy?"



AFTER TIFFIN

But no treacherous designs are entertained by my perspiring crew, who land us loyally near the Custom House on the right bank of the Pasig River, where we step across the threshold of our new possessions. The baggage and the contraband "boy" are shipped into town without the slightest difficulty. But Uncle Sam was not outwitted, as subsequent events proved, for Ah Kee was discovered — sent back to the ship and remained in duress on the "Esmeralda" to await

reshipment to Hongkong, until released by personal order of General Otis, who assured me that if Ah Kee was, as I stated, invaluable to me as an assistant in my pictorial work, the Government could not and would not bar him out. "Tell the Captain of the Port to release the 'Chinese artist' on the 'Esmeralda'!" A special launch is sent out for Ah Kee, who returns to Manila in triumph, wearing a smile so wide that he has to tilt it up to permit the tender to come alongside the pier.

"What did the captain say to you, Ah Kee, when he saw that you had been caught, and that he was subject to a fine?" I ask. "Oh tellible thlings, he talkee,—'go down,' puttee me black holee!"



THE "BEST" HOTEL IN MANILA

The best hotel in town is the Hotel de Oriente, but it is not admiration for that hostelry that impels me to write words which may be construed as words of praise. In hotel matters the superlative means nothing in Manila; the situation is completely hopeless. True, the structure is imposing, spacious, airy, and



A FILIPINO WINDOW

suggestive of coolness, comfort, and good cheer; but these are vain suggestions. The table at this and every other place of public entertainment in Manila is impossible. True, the breakfast menu is rich in printed promises; each dish is numbered to facilitate the task of giving orders to the Chinese waiters; there are eight numbers. Let me run the gastronomic octave:—

1. PORRIDGE

Watery gruel. We pass.

2. BEEFSTEAK

Oriental beefsteak. We pass again; but the subsequent items, despite a suggestion of monotony, seem to offer grounds for hope.

3. BOILED EGGS

4. SCRAMBLED EGGS

5. POACHED EGGS

6. OMELETTES

7. HAM AND EGGS

8. EGGS AND BACON

What more do you require? Very good; let us order No. 6. "Boy, catchee me one pieceee number six," is the command. The yellow garçon smiles a sad, cruel smile, and answers, "No have got eggs!" We are unfortunate in arriving just after the hotel has been taken over from the Spaniards by an English company. Prices have gone up, and the service has gone all to pieces. Chinese boys replace the Filipino waiters. The Spanish cuisine, good of its garlicky kind, has given place to a sort of emergency galley in charge of ignorant Celestials, and the only attempts at reorganization are confined to swearings, long and loud, on the part of the distracted manager. But as he swore in a new,



A FILIPINO BED

unfamiliar language, his words were lost upon the servants, while the guests received the full force of his utterances. I paid ten dollars (Mexican) per day for the privilege of eating my own canned goods in the dining-room, and occupying a huge apartment overlooking the square. The house is spacious if not elegant: halls wide as streets, long stairways at a gentle incline, ceilings distant as skies, and rooms as big as dormitories. The floor and walls and ceiling are of wood,—no plaster could resist the dampness of the rainy season. Everywhere there is the smell of kerosene, with which the floors are rubbed to make them unpopular as parade-grounds for the armies of ants that otherwise would overrun them. Wherever kerosene has not been used, the insect regiments maneuver. The window-sill is a busy thoroughfare; on close inspection it resembles a miniature London Bridge on a



A "SLEEPING-MACHINE" PREPARED FOR SIEGE

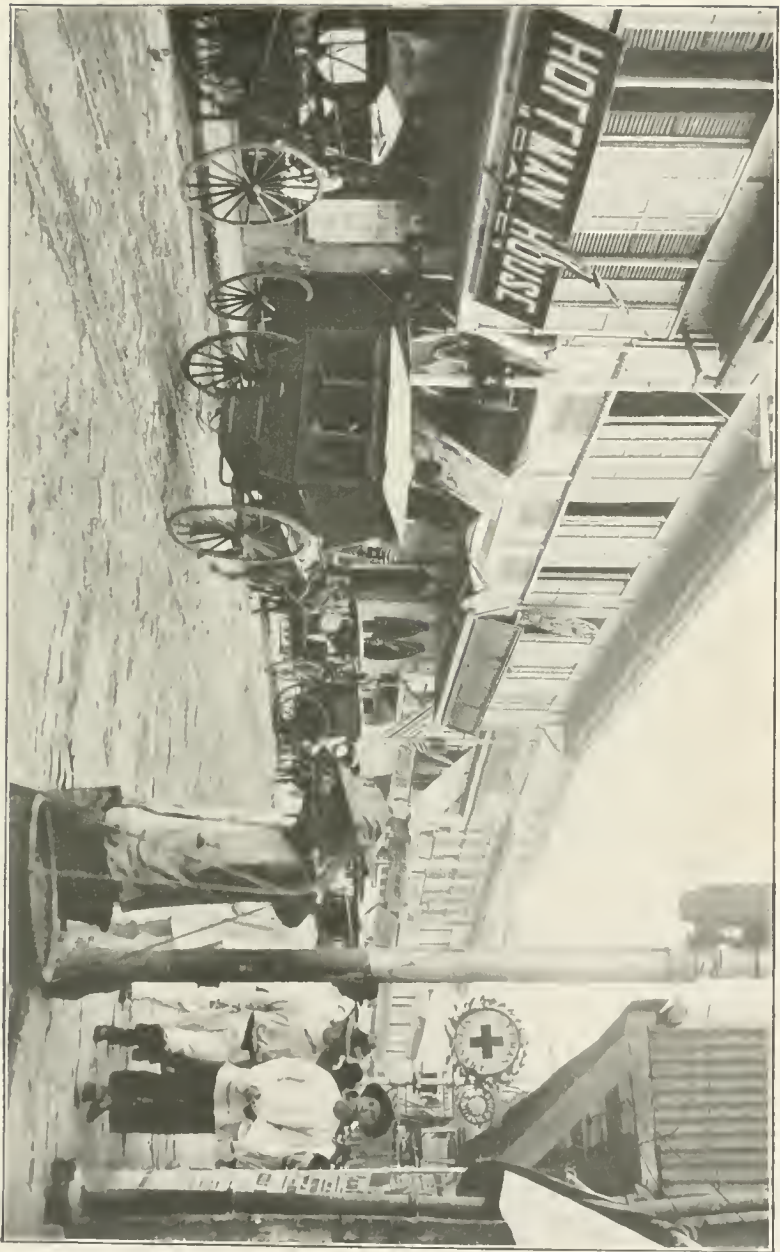
busy day. There is no lack of ventilation, for the side of the room facing the street can be thrown entirely open. The Filipino bed has been unjustly ridiculed and maligned; it has been called an instrument of torture, a rack, an inspirer of insomnia. It is none of these. It is a "sleeping machine," perfectly adapted to

local conditions,—a bed evolved by centuries of experience in a moist, hot, insect-ridden tropic land, and from the artistic point of view it is not unattractive. Its peculiarity consists in the absence of slats, springs, mattress, and blankets. In place of these there is a taut expanse of rattan, as if the bed were a gigantic cane-seat chair; on this a bamboo mat is laid, on this a single sheet. There is, of course, a pillow, very hard, but cool, and an unfamiliar object like an abbreviated bolster,



A FILIPINO SHOP

called a "Dutch Wife," which originated in the Dutch East Indies. The bed is fortified with an elaborate mosquito-netting, dense enough to keep out the tiniest gnats, and at the same time strong enough to resist the onslaught of the flying cockroaches. The Manila insects of that name deserve a bigger name; they seem not insects, but athletic creatures, partaking of the nature of three classes,—the crustacean, the rodent, and the raptore,—an unhappy combination of lobster, rat, and vulture. By day they crawl on walls and



THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE

tables, startling the stranger with their formidable aspect. At night after candles are extinguished, they begin aërial festivities. As they charge through the darkness from wall to wall, with a whizz and whirr, we seem to see the ride of the valkyries and hear their long Wagnerian shriek. He is indeed a tired traveler who can sleep during his first night in Manila. The close heat of the evening, the presence of strange neighbors, and the fact that he is lying on what feels



SAN SEBASTIAN

like a tightly drawn drumhead keep him awake until the sun streams into his big bare room and drives him out into the cooler streets.

Of course, he goes first to the Escolta ; in fact, no matter where he wants to go, he usually passes through this thoroughfare, the busiest, most interesting street in all Manila. It is the main artery of the newer quarter called Binondo, the commercial district ; the old Walled City, with its palaces and monasteries, is across the river. A splendid bridge of

many arches spans the river, connecting the animated modern quarter with the sleepy medieval town called "Intra Muros," or "within the walls." Train-cars traverse the Escolta, and then wind on their halting way through the suburb of San



FROM THE RAMPARTS

Sebastian, past the graceful church of the same name, which is one of the curiosities of Manila. It is made entirely of metal; it was "made in Germany," set up there first to be examined and approved by the Filipino purchasers; then it was taken apart, shipped to the Orient, and re-erected in Manila. It looks, however, like an edifice of solid stone.

In Spanish days the tram-cars, invariably crowded, were drawn by a single miserable pony; but our people decided that such a system should not flourish in the shadow of our humanizing institutions.

The governor accordingly compelled the English tramway company to hitch two ponies to each car. Even the pair proved inadequate, whereupon the people took a hand,

as witnessed by an incident, which is, I think, unique in the history of city railway companies. On the Fourth of July a crowded car was on its way to the Luneta. The two little brutes attached could barely crawl,—one of them was upon the point of dropping from exhaustion. The passengers, among them many of our soldiers, held a brief consultation, and decided on a course of action. They turned the two poor creatures loose in the neglected Botanical Garden, and then put shoulders to the horseless car, and pushed it with its load of women and children and a few lazy men to the scene of the celebration, three quarters of a mile away.

The Escolta is rapidly assuming an American complexion. If you believe in *signs*, you may, without the least difficulty,



EARLY IN THE FIELD

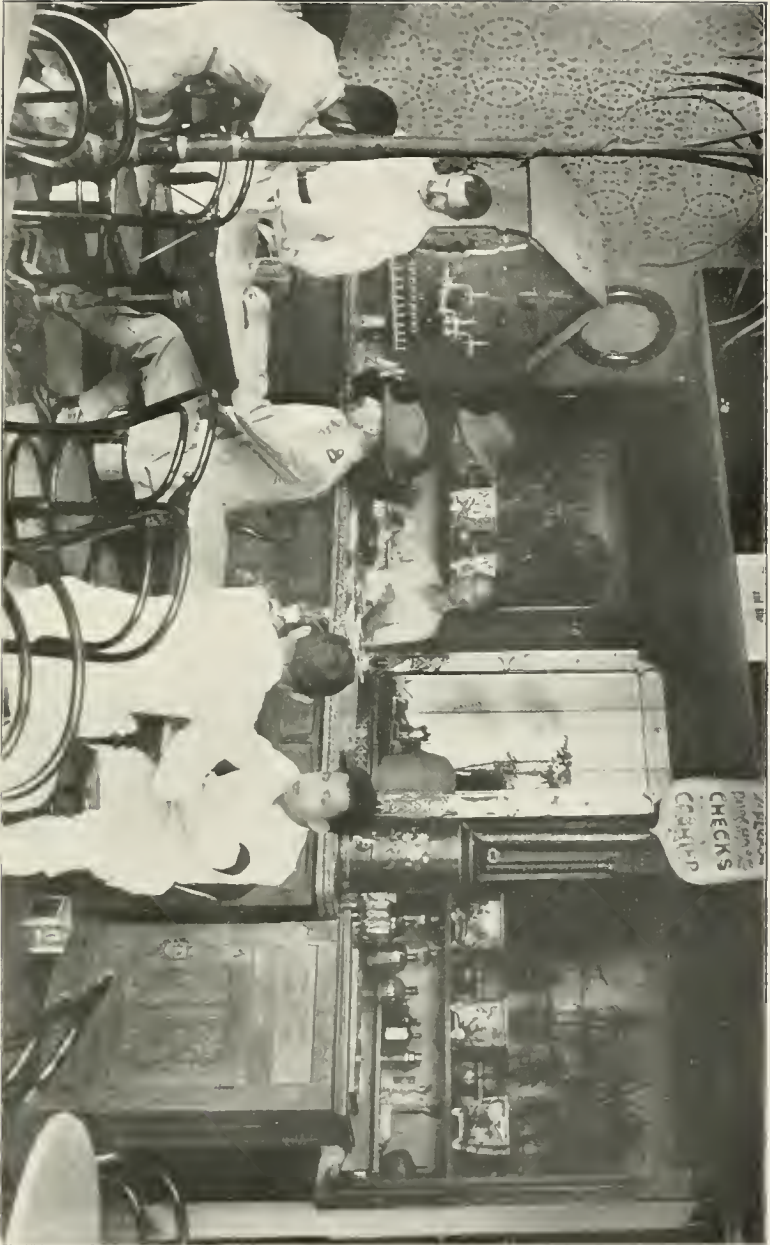
imagine that you are in one of our cities. The tide of street life runs much higher than in the days before the war ; new currents are flowing through the narrow thoroughfares ; even the natives seem to have caught the restless spirit of the conquerors, for they step out more briskly than they did. The old-time ferries ply more swiftly across the slow canal,



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

and when they touch the quay, the passengers "step lively," as if at the command of a conductor on the "L."

There is a "hot time" in Manila every day from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M., and this accounts for the immediate success achieved by the first American ice-cream soda-water fountain erected in the Philippines. What if there is no milk or cream to be had? The so-called "ice-cream" here has at least one virtue,—it is cold ; and what if the fountain frequently fails to fizz and the syrups sour early in the day?



SOFT DRINKS

There is a grateful reminder of home in the familiar printed signs concerning checks and phosphates. Among the local restaurants there is at least one that *looks* attractive. Although the cooking at the Café de Paris is an insult to the name of the establishment, it is pleasant to lunch or dine on the broad balcony, above the Pasig River, near the busy Bridge of Spain. A table d'hôte is served at a very modest price, \$1.00 Mexican or one half-dollar gold. The wines are



TIFFIN

cheap, and none too good ; but beer is plentiful and costs no more than in America. In fact, the importation of American beer has been the most profitable business in Manila since our first twenty thousand thirsty soldiers came to town.

Campaigning in summer within fifteen degrees of the equator and a long way east of Suez enables men to cultivate a thirst on which a hundred breweries can thrive. Still, it must be said, in justice to our soldiers, that no grog whatever is permitted at the front where the majority of our tired boys



FERRIES

are facing terrible hardships; while in Manila, where there is no restraint, I was surprised to see so few intoxicated men in the saloons. Unfortunately, one happy soldier celebrating a brief leave of absence is more conspicuous than a regiment of sober men.

Three days at the hotel brought me to the verge of melancholia and starvation. My canned goods had run out, and my spirits were fast following when a friend from far-away Chicago insisted on moving me, bag, baggage, and Chinese boy, from the Hotel de Oriente to the best house in the Calle Nozaleda, literally from "Oriente" to "Occidente," from the discomforts of a barnlike caravansary to the comforts of a cosy home and the companionship of a delightful family. There is an atmosphere of home intensely grateful to one who had begun to feel a sense of isolation and of exile. In this congenial corner of comfortless Manila, I passed the busy weeks of June and July. We did not suffer from the heat. In a typical Manila dwelling



THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

everything is cool and bare and open. Long bamboo chairs from China invite midday slumbers, and other chairs, peculiar to the tropics, are furnished with extended arms, on which the sitter rests his legs, assuming thus an attitude as airily luxurious as it is at first sight offensively undignified. But when once you have tried this pose on a hot afternoon, you will not criticize your friends if they, too, make the soles of their shoes obtrusively conspicuous. One of the most comical and comfortable spectacles in Manila is witnessed in the reading-room of the Tiffin Club, where every day, after tiffin, sixteen members sit in sixteen of these chairs, with their thirty-two legs and thirty-two feet protruding from beneath their sixteen daily papers. One of the crying needs during the early days in Manila was an adequate cold-storage plant



ICE-CREAM SODA

and a more generous supply of ice. The ice-man comes every day, 't is true, but he leaves only a tiny glittering cube, at which we point the finger of scorn, for it is but a ten-pound souvenir of his fleeting presence, and it loses half its bulk ere we can lay it carefully in the ice-chest like a precious diamond in a jewel casket. With ten pounds of ice per day, eight dry Americans must be content. We are not allowed to purchase more, for the supply is limited.

The servant-question causes little trouble. Two Filipino boys do all the housework. One, the ever-smiling Valentin, has charge of our apartments. The first time that I saw him beginning the day's work, I thought he had gone crazy.



THE ICE MAN HAS COME !



OUR GARDEN

He had cleared the sitting-room of furniture, his feet were wrapped in cumbrous bandages, as if he were suffering from gout, but thus weighted he was dancing a vigorous two-step all by himself, gliding up and down and across the room, at the same time singing a lively Spanish air; this performance he repeats every morning; it is the Filipino method of polishing the floor.

Adjoining the house is a damp, green garden, a pretty, pleasant little garden into which we rarely ventured. But we found it cool and refreshing to look at as we reclined in bamboo chairs placed near the open windows. Yet do not think that the Americans do nothing but repose in our new Oriental city; there is a task for every man and woman, tasks that most of them are meeting bravely. My host, a colonel of the regulars, is with his regiment, the Third Infantry, at Baliuag, an isolated post on the north line. One son is a lieutenant, the others hold responsible positions in the Custom House; while for the ladies of the family, there is an endless round of duties—visits to the hospitals where sick or wounded members of the regiment are being cared for, the encouragement



A CANTEN



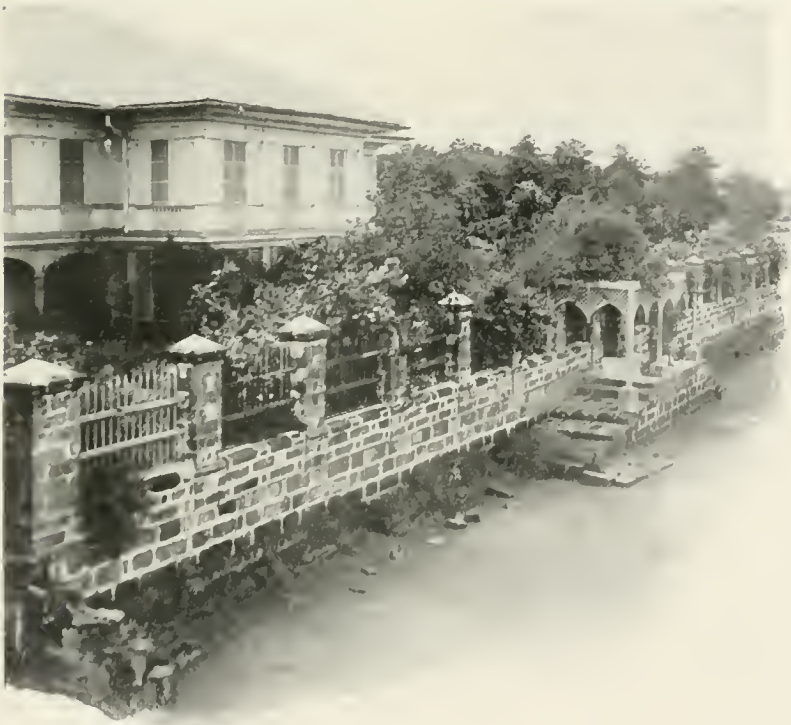
NINTH INFANTRY ON THE BRIDGE OF SPAIN

and the entertainment of convalescent officers, besides a host of social obligations to be fulfilled.

We, too, have work to do, for we have come to study old Manila in transition.

A curious feature of the street life of Manila is the carabao, or water buffalo, a creature slow, deliberate, and dignified, scores of which pass our dwelling every day, dragging in their lazy wake long trains of carts now used for forwarding supplies to soldiers at the front; all night we hear the laden carts go creaking by, by day the empty ones return; but sometimes there are dead and wounded men heaped on these Oriental tumbrels. Follow this street less than a dozen miles, and you will see the place where men are killing one another. Not twenty minutes' drive from our door is one of the block-houses which not many weeks before was a scene of conflict. Along this road the slow supply-trains wend their way. The movement of the carabao must have been soothing to the Spanish eye.

To us it is exasperating. The brute advances at a something slower than a walk, unmindful of the blows and cries of the Chinese or native driver. He will roll on, each day, just as many miles as is his custom; then, when by some internal calculation he arrives at the conclusion that his day's work is done, no power on earth can make him move another step in the path of duty. He bolts for the first river, pond, or moat, where he will stand for hours immersed to the horns, gazing serenely at his helpless master on the bank. The moat of old Manila near our house always grows black with these water-loving mammals when the supply-trains from the front reach their destination near the city gates. The passing of the carabao soon becomes a vexing detail of our daily drives or walks about the town, the cause of numberless delays and much impatient condemnation of the useful brute.



GENERAL LAWTON'S VILLA



CALLE NOZALEDA

Even the new-born American press in Manila now clamors for the exclusion of the carabao and his attendant cart from the streets of the city proper. But you, whose daily downtown perplexities are occasioned by swift trolley-cars, may look with interest on the slow caravans of carabaos.

A day or two after arrival I became the proud lessee of a horse and cart, or, rather, two ponies, one for mornings and one for afternoons, and a "*calca*," a two-wheeled gig with an airy rumble aft for my Filipino boy. Neither the A. M. nor the P. M. pony is ambitious; both balk and exhibit an equal fondness for gutters, stone walls, and carabao carts. On starting we either hit or shave everything within a radius of forty feet, or else we do not start until some one jumps out and leads the brute for half a block, while the boy plies the whip and uses expressive Spanish. For all this exciting amusement I pay \$3.00 Mexican per day, \$1.50 in gold. A private trap is a necessity, for the public cabs are hopeless.



COMFORTABLE CHAIRS

The Filipino cabby is original in his peculiarities. He will accept us as passengers, reluctantly. He dislikes being



MONASTERIES



WHERE WE FELLOWS CAMPED



OUR FRIENDS



A CANVAS READING-ROOM



HEROES AND SCRIBES

compelled to leave a shady corner. He will drive us for just about so long, then he gets tired and discouraged. If he is kept waiting longer than he thinks is proper, he will "vamosé," paid or unpaid, and leave us to tramp home on foot. Frequently I have been abandoned by drivers to whom I was indebted for two hours' service. The cab rates are still low, although the cost of living in Manila has been trebled since the open-handed Yankees



TO THE ARMY AND THE PRESS

came. There is little in the way of souvenirs and curios for which to spend one's money. The only native products that are tempting to travelers are the Filipino fabrics, the "*piña*" cloth, made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf and a lovely fabric called "*jusi*," part pine leaf and part hemp. Good *piña* is now hard to get, while all the prettiest designs in *jusi* have been picked up by early buyers. Prices have gone up, and joy reigns among these little merchant women, who, like brides, are invariably called pretty by our journalistic writers, although in reality they cannot lay claim even to good looks.

Nor can we squander much upon amusements in Manila. In all the larger theaters a permanent audience having taken



OUR HOME IN MANILA



IN OLD MANILA



THE MOAT

possession has made itself at home with beds and hammocks, and settled down to await the final curtain on the drama



A SUBURBAN AVENUE

of the insurgent war. The officers sleep in private boxes; privates in pre-empted perches in the circle; mess-tables are spread behind the footlights, and the parquet is used in rainy weather for a drill-ground. There are, however, two theaters not yet occupied as barracks; in one a Spanish company gives an occasional performance of farces set to music; while in the other we were permitted to see



LEASED BY THE MONTH

a native theatrical company presenting plays in the Tagala language. One day "Il Trovatore" was announced; it proved to be a drama founded on the opera. The prompter read each line in a loud voice, the actor then repeated it, and pausing, waited for the next. Thus every line was given twice, and the action interrupted by a nervous stop at the end of each sentence. The



IN THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT



THEATRICAL BARRACKS



PIÑA AND JUSI SHOPS



IN THE CEMETERY

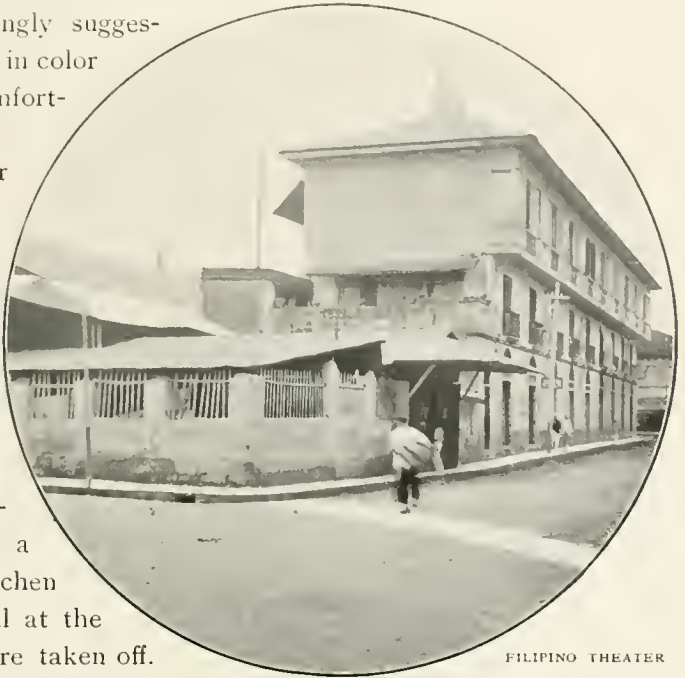
hero wore the conventional slashed doublet and short satin trunks, but in place of silken tights his legs were encased



GRAVES OF THE ASTOR BATTERY'S DEAD

in a garment strongly suggestive in texture and in color of Dr. Jaeger's comfortable woolen wear.

The only other organized amusement enterprise is the Fire Brigade, and I am inclined to regard it as the most amusing of the three. The usual type of engine resembles to a great extent a kitchen boiler. On arrival at the fire, the wheels are taken off.



FILIPINO THEATER

The provost marshal kindly ordered out the department for an exhibition run. It was the funniest performance imaginable. On leaving the engine-house, ostensibly for a fire, one driver dropped his helmet. Thereupon he drew rein, ordered a *bomblero* to pick it up, settled it squarely on his head, and then calmly whipped up his team and pro-



NATIVE PLAYERS AT REHEARSAL



THE FIRE BRIGADE

ceeded leisurely to the scene of the supposed conflagration. The leaders, harnessed to the four-horse engine, balk, back, and throw the postilion under the wheeler's heels, and the entire force devotes about ten minutes to the ensuing disentanglement.

The Spanish "Capitan de Bomberos" apologizes for the confusion, saying with naive frankness, "It is always so when we use four horses!"

We make inquiries concerning a certain form of amusement that is now prohibited. To the sorrow of the Filipinos our military government declared it unlawful to indulge in cock-fighting, a pastime which for centuries had been the national sport,—the ruling passion of the Filipinos. This, at a time when we should have been doing everything to conciliate the 250,000 Filipinos of the capital, did more to alienate the sympathies of Manila's native population than even the occasional abuse to which they were subjected by the soldiery.

However, we found no difficulty in arranging a cock-fight



BOMBEROS

for motion-picture purposes. The animated record shows the contending birds surrounded by a crowd of excited owners and backers, offering bets. The spectators finally fled at the approach of the provost guard.

The medieval moats of Old Manila are very picturesque; we skirt them every day in driving to and from Escolta. Manila's medieval walls were once models for defenses of their kind. They were reared more than three hundred years ago. Beyond them rises the long low roof of a monastery, one of the many somber piles raised by Spanish friars in this Oriental stronghold of Catholicism. On near approach the building loses nothing of its severe religious aspect, and the gloomy atmosphere of Old Manila is not difficult to explain when we remember that a score of these vast silent structures are set down within the limited area enclosed by her sluggish moats and verdure-covered walls. The gateways to the Walled City recall the entrance to the Spanish fort at old St. Augustine in Florida.



A COCK-FIGHT



THE WALLS AND MOAT OF OLD MANILA

Within the walls, as well as in the suburban quarters, sentries eye us critically by day, and challenge us to halt and



GATES OF THE WALLED CITY

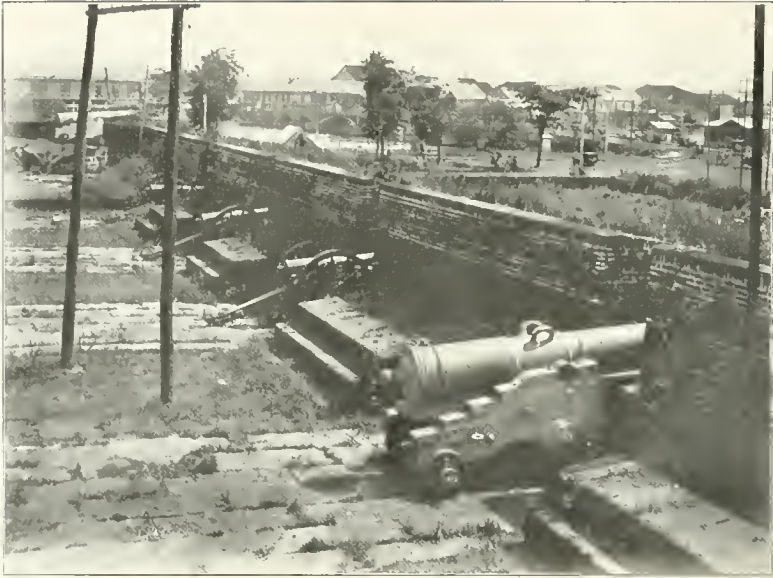


IN JAIL

show our papers after half-past eight at night. Until the curfew law was rigidly enforced, a section of the city was



BILIBID PRISON

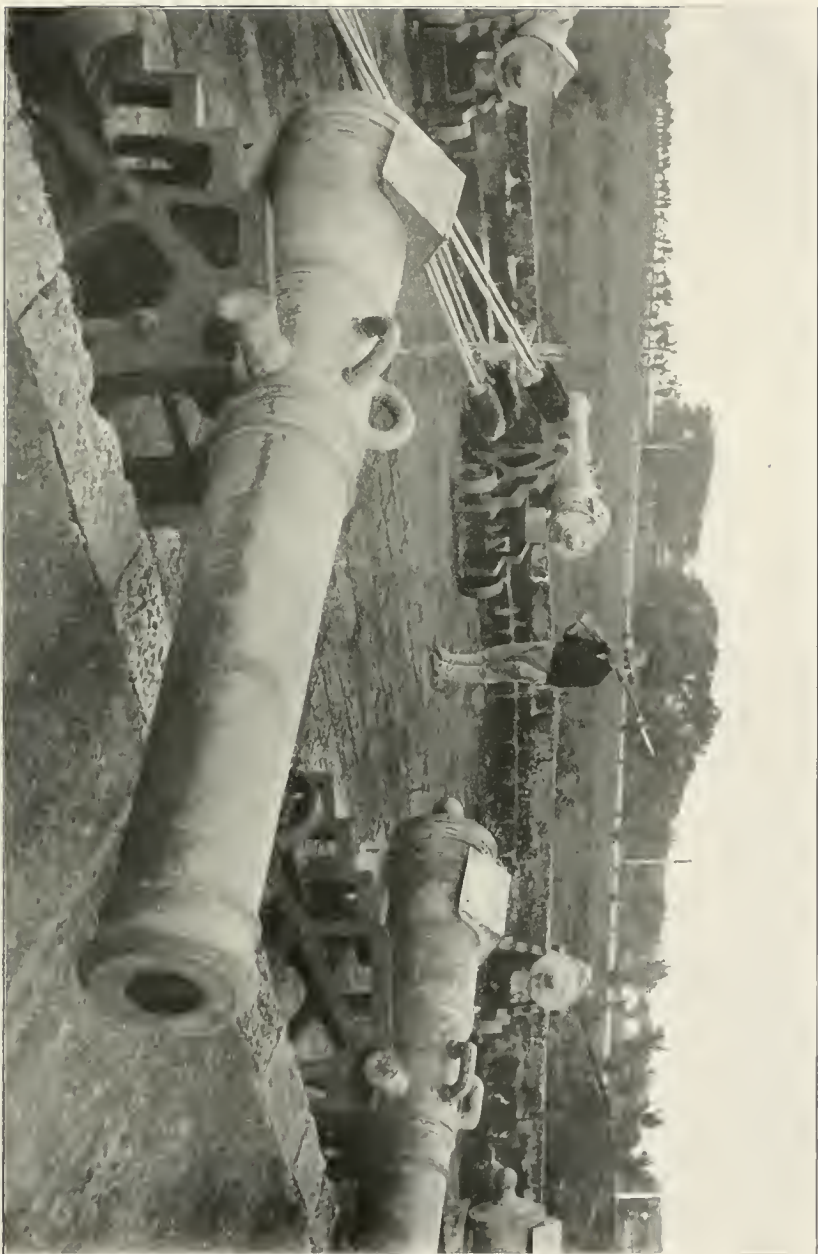


LANDWARD DEFENSES

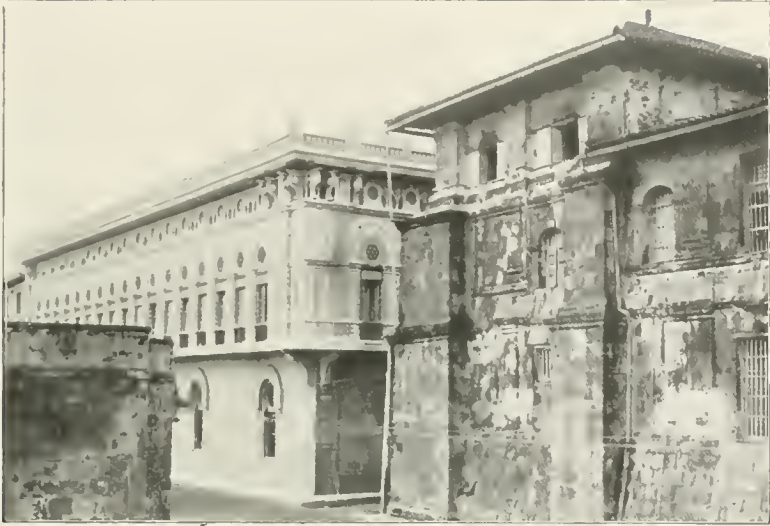
set on fire every night by lawless Filipinos, but now that every man must stay in his own house, the malcontents have lost their eagerness to play with fire. No one is allowed to move abroad in any portion of the city after half-past eight, unless he be an officer or the bearer of a pass. In spite



WITHIN THE WALLED CITY



ON THE WALLS



A CONVENTO

of this we went by night in carriages to several dances and receptions. It was the most picturesque, exciting party-going that you can imagine. At every gate or at street intersections we hear the cry "*halla!*" and the click of a Krag-Jorgensen.



FRANCISCAN FRIARS

The Filipino driver, invariably terror-stricken by the sharp challenge, reins in convulsively and brings the carriage to a stop so sudden that the ladies are almost thrown forward into the laps of gentlemen upon the opposite seat. Then comes the question, "Who goes there?" and our reply, "Friends," then, "Friend, advance one and be recognized," and one of us must alight, walk slowly toward the sentry, explain our



THE CATHEDRAL

presence, and make known our destination. This done we are permitted to proceed, the driver urging on the horses as if in fear of a pursuit, until at another corner, another shadowy figure rushes to the middle of the street, and cries "halt!" Once more the clattering hoofs are silenced suddenly, and the now familiar colloquy is repeated.

Among the religious institutions the most imposing is the monastery of the Augustin friars. At the windows white



CHURCH AND MONASTERY

robed brethren now and then appear. The palatial pile adjoining it is Jesuit property. Its beautiful façade, apparently of marble and mosaic, is in reality of wood, elaborately designed and painted in a most deceptive manner. We visited the interior of the Franciscan *convento*, where we were courteously welcomed by the friars. At the present moment, the long-robcs, black and white and brown, once so conspicuous in the city streets, are rarely seen in public places. Though there are still several hundred monks housed in these many *conventos*, few dare to venture out. The Filipinos have too many old scores to settle. Occasionally, during concert hours when there is a reassuring number of our soldiers in evidence on the Luneta, a dozen friars may walk forth in groups for a sunset airing near the shore ; but as a feature in the street life of Manila the friar is a reminiscence.



CATHEDRAL COLUMNS

It is not my province to discuss the influence for good or evil of these Spanish friars in the Philippines.

Their rule is ended, and the church, at last awake to their shortcomings in the past, will, without doubt, under the guidance of American Catholics, transform the institutions which the friars have founded and fostered in the Philippines into agencies for future good. The Cathedral

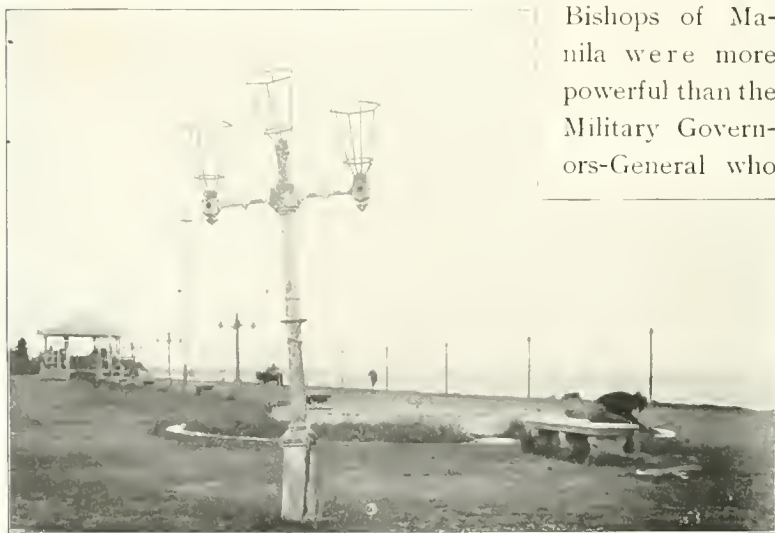
of Manila is certainly worthy of a Continental capital.

Its magnificence reminds us that in the old days the Arch-

Bishops of Manila were more powerful than the Military Governors-General who



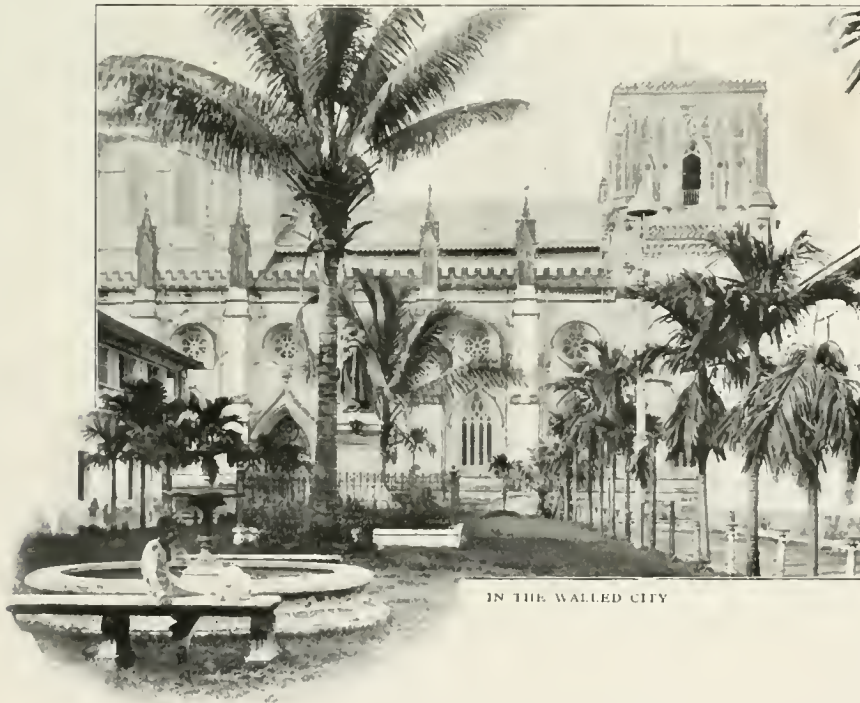
THE PALACE



THE LUNETTA HAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF EXILE

held their court in the neighboring *Ayuntamiento* or *Palacio*. The Palace is now the seat of the American administration. In an upper corner room General Otis sits at Blanco's desk; old portraits of Spanish royalty, which once looked down on Weyler, now glower upon his successor, the man who is trying to unravel a skein of difficulties—an entanglement resulting from three centuries of Spanish mal-administration.

Our afternoons are usually spent on the Luneta. The Luneta cannot be called either beautiful or picturesque, and save at the fashionable driving hour, when the band is playing and the driveway thronged, it presents a sadly desolate appearance. It is a place to inspire loneliness and homesickness; it brings to us that sense of exile, which will be the bane of future colonists. By all means let our authorities do something to remove the hopeless aspect of this famous spot, or else prohibit Americans from coming



here until the hour of sunset, when the glory in the sky and the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" conjure away the gloomy thoughts inspired by the place. In Spanish days it was far more attractive; but the trees have been cut down, the glass globes on the lamp-posts shattered, and four cold electric lights replace the softer, warmer glare of the hundred blazing wicks.

At the sunset hour all Manila is then in evidence circling slowly round the elliptical parade, in carriages of every shape, drawn by ponies ridiculously small. The promenade



CATHEDRAL INTERIOR



A FRANCISCAN CONVENTO

is crowded with our soldiers, poor wounded chaps, or convalescents who have crawled or limped out from the neighboring hospitals. Hither they come, a motley, weary, ragged throng, with faces haggard, and beards growing in the wildest, weirdest fashions, so that we almost laugh at sight of them. They sit on the stone benches or on the mossy curb and listen to the music and gaze seaward at the transports, wondering when their turn to sail away will come. Then at the first strain of the National Anthem they rise and stand stiffly at "attention," hat in hand until the last note fades away. Then the gay crowd in



EVEN A VOLUNTEER MAY LOOK AT A KING.

carriages scampers home to dinner, the sick men wander toward their crowded wards, and the sun drops like a ball

of fire into the China Sea, and another day of work and suffering in the Philippines is ended.

A few days later we cross the wind-swept harbor to Cavite, where the issue of the great sea battle decreed our occupation of these far-away islands. It is a gloomy day. The



DEWEY'S WORK OFF CAVITE

rainy season, long delayed, gives promise of immediate arrival; the squalls that sweep across the bay make it impossible for us to reach the sunken Spanish ships. We view the Flagship of Montojo from the walls and strive in vain to picture to ourselves the scene enacted here on the eventful morning when the sovereignty of Spain in the Orient at last sank with these battered hulks never to rise again.

We have almost forgotten that Spain was then our



SAN ROQUE



WAR-TIME ABANDONMENT



AT THE MANILA RACE COURSE

enemy; we have forgiven much since we assumed her burdens, since we undertook the task of conquering these



THE RAILWAY STATION



BALIUAG

islands,—a task with which she has been struggling for three hundred years. Our thoughts are turned to our new enemy as we cross the isthmus that joins

Cavite to the mainland and enter the deserted town

of San Roque. There

we see the work of

Filipinos ; not a

house is left, they

burned them all

when they re-

tired from the

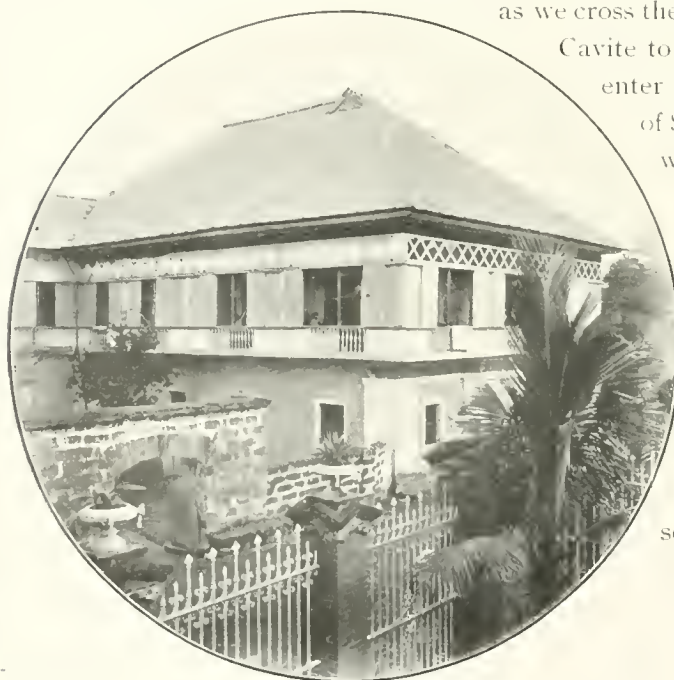
place. Every-

where along the

line of our ad-

vance we see these

souvenirs of fleeing



A HOUSE AT BALIUAG



HEADQUARTERS OF THE THIRD INFANTRY

Filipino forces. It is not my intent to speak of the campaign, but as a traveler I must tell you of my short journey to the front at San Fernando, the northernmost town held by our forces on the line of the Dagupan Railway. We are carried toward the front in a train with the Twelfth Infantry. The cars are full inside and out, for soldiers and Chinese carriers are perched upon the roofs. Officers and correspondents are packed into the only passenger coach. At Malolos we quit the train to make a side expedition to the



HEADQUARTERS AT BALIUAG.

town of Baliuag, fourteen miles from the railway, the most isolated outpost now held by the American forces.

The town is garrisoned by the Third Infantry under command of Colonel Page. The regiment depends for its supplies upon a wagon train, which every day makes the long journey to Malolos, escorted by a company of ninety men. We arrived in the laden wagons drawn by imported army mules. The ride through a hostile country was a picturesque

experience. The string of wagons struggling along the shady, muddy road, where puddles are sometimes as big as lakes; the stalwart regulars on either side, in single file, and in the fields to right and left scouts or flankers trudging through paddy patches, wading ditches, climbing hedges, but keeping always several hundred yards from the road to discover if there be a lurking foe in waiting to surprise or, as the



THE CHURCH AT BALI'AG

men express it, "to jump" the wagon train. But we see no sign of enemies. Friendly natives sit in the windows of their nipa huts and wonderingly watch the passing of the caravan; they have not yet become accustomed to the gigantic mules, which are four times as big as Filipino ponies. And the town itself is as calm and peaceful as if war was a thing undreamed of. We spend a quiet evening at headquarters—a fine old dwelling, formerly the home of a rich

citizen, which only a few months before had been occupied by Aguinaldo. The insurgents hoped to hold Baliuag. They had constructed wonderful entrenchments along the road leading toward the railway. They felt secure; but the Americans, instead of fighting their way past line after line of trenches and fortifications, merely changed their plans, marched round behind the town, and then walked calmly in



ASSIDUOUS CHURCH-GOERS

through the back door, while Aguinaldo and his Filipinos fled so hurriedly that they had not time to set the place on fire. Hence Baliuag is the most comfortable post along our line. It is intact, and every officer has decent quarters. The men are quartered in the church — a splendid barracks, spacious, clean, and elaborately decorated. Throughout the islands churches are used both as barracks and forts. They are usually solid structures, capable of being easily defended.

But every Sunday the church at Baliuag is cleared while an American priest, chaplain of the regiment, officiates at the high altar, in the presence of the native population.

The garrison is almost continually at work. At all hours of the day we meet com-

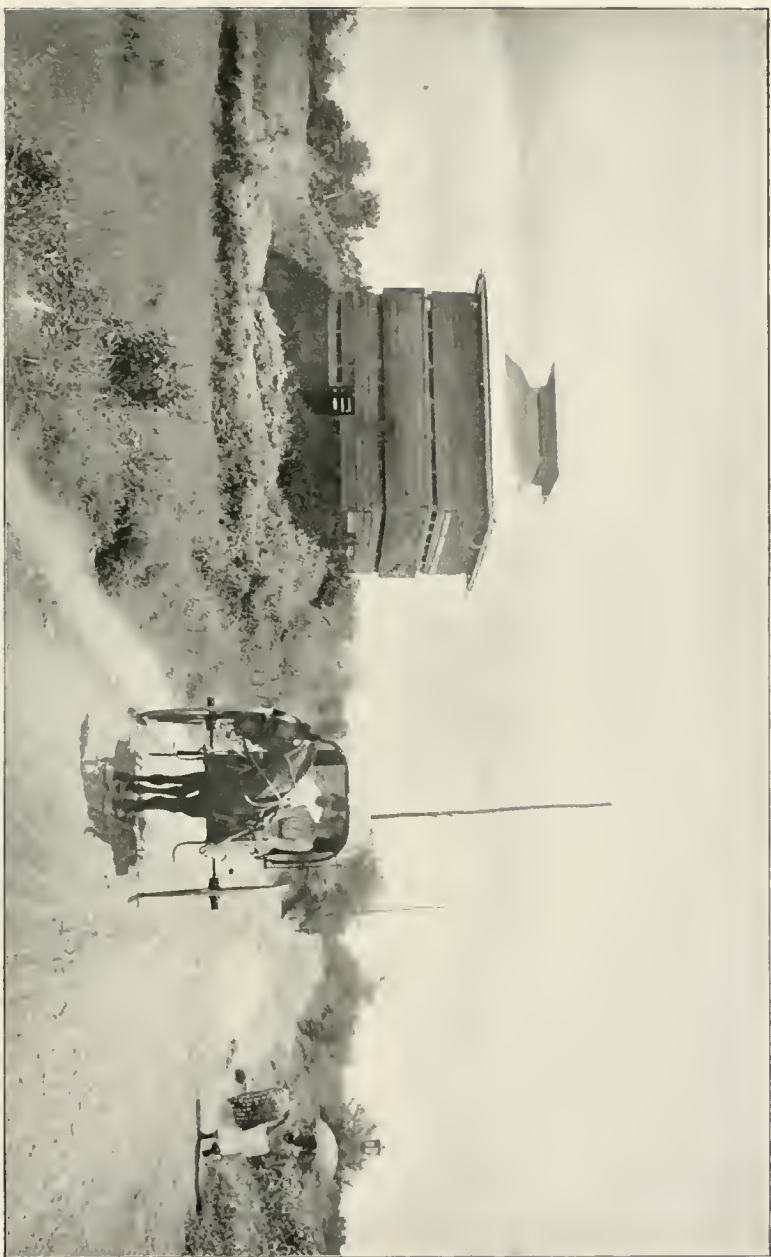


COLONEL PAGE - THIRD INFANTRY



FILIPINO FOLK

panies of infantry marching through the streets, cannon being hauled to the new revetments to accustom the men to getting there with no delay when the call shall come. The Gatling gun is also taken to different points it may be called upon to defend. Sometimes these moves are made at midnight and



A SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE

sometimes at sunset. There is no regular routine. The colonel wishes to let the natives see that his men are awake and active at all hours. At any moment the insurgents may attack this little force of only eight hundred effective men, but as the colonel says, "Let 'em come, the Third Infantry can take care of the whole Filipino army."

To show just what would happen should they come, the colonel placed two companies at our disposal, to take part in a carefully planned defense of an entrenchment. The day was



ORDERED TO THE FRONT

dark and wet, conditions all unfavorable, but the motion picture successfully reproduces the dramatic sequence of incidents as they occur. First, four men are seen retiring from the outpost, giving the alarm, one company promptly mans the trench, and begins a vigorous fire, using smokeless powder; an orderly brings a dispatch to the commanding officer, then re-enforcements dash forward from the town, then comes the best friend of the soldiers, the unerring Gatling, and finally the enemy having been seen to waver, the

command to charge is given, and the entire force breaks over the earthwork, and with a wild yell dashes across the fields in hot pursuit of the imaginary enemy. Meanwhile the dead and wounded who have fallen in the foreground are cared for by the surgeon and his Chinese stewards. So realistic is the feigned death of one soldier that spectators will not believe that the picture represents only a sham battle.

The commander of the Third Infantry, as Autocrat of Baliuag, plays his part with grace and firmness. As he rides through the streets, he acknowledges the salute of every ragged or half-naked citizen; but when he passes the guard-house and sees the American prisoners dangling their legs



THE BARBER OF BALIUAG



A FILIPINO SHACK, CONVERTED

over the window-sill, he roars in righteous anger, "Take in those feet!" and in go the feet as if they had been shot away.

The colonel's government has been so just and mild that nearly all the old inhabitants have now returned. They do a thriving business with our soldiers and seem content and happy. The market in the Plaza is more animated than in the Spanish days, and new business enterprises are daily springing into life. Among them is a restaurant directed by a Chinese caterer. The typical Filipino house is a box of



THE SIGNAL CORPS EN FÊTE



IN THE SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT

split bamboo, perched high on bamboo poles and covered with a roof of nipa thatch.

Early morning scenes along the banks of the Bagbag River are interesting, — big white soldiers bathing, — little brown women washing military underwear, while its wearers bathe; near at hand a group of natives



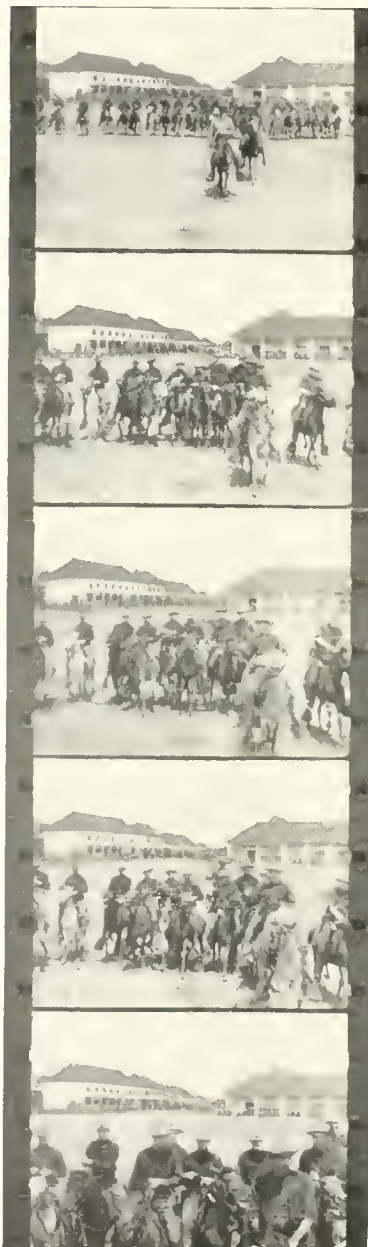
THE SAME OLD GAME

signal of distress, for our men are instructed to fire a grass hut whenever attacked and thus make known their danger to the garrison at Baliuag. "Must be the telegraph squad in trouble," is the look-out's comment as he reports the signal. That very morning the wires had been cut; the

is skinning a carabao and preparing the carcass for market; for carabao chops are not disdained by the Filipino palate. One evening while chatting with the look-out up in the belfry of the stone church, we notice a column of smoke rising on the line of the road to Malolos—it is undoubtedly a



THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE — BALIUAG



FOURTH CAVALRY

signal men had gone to repair the line; the inference is that they have been ambushed, and are "smoking up" for help. The colonel is making his evening rounds—nothing can be done before he returns. At last he rides in. Ten minutes later a troop of big United States Cavalrymen, mounted on little Filipino ponies, dashes away along the dark, wet road.

Two hours later they return, escorting the telegraph squad which has been delayed but not attacked—the smoke must have come from an accidental fire. However, the colonel orders that when the escort of the wagon train on the morrow passes the place where the wire was cut, a native house shall be burned, as a warning that tampering with the telegraph line will invariably bring chastisement upon the village.

We leave Baliuag in the wake of the early wagon train and overtake it near the scene of the wire cutting. The captain is parleying with the inhabitants of the little village, trying to discover the culprit. But every citizen is an

"*amigo*" of the most loyal and enthusiastic persuasion. No evidence to fix the guilt can be secured; but nevertheless the wire was cut and a house must be burned. In his dilemma the captain turns to me and bids me pick out the house that will make the most effective motion picture as it goes up in smoke!



SAN FERNANDO

Fortunately the one lending itself best to artistic necessities was an abandoned nipa dwelling—a pretty little affair with a neat little garden around about it. But the green hedge hides part of the house—and the drooping branches of a splendid tree will cut off the view of the rolling smoke, which should form an important feature of the dramatic picture that we are about to make. I mention these objections to the captain. Gruffly he orders half a dozen Filipinos to fetch their bolos and chop down that pretty hedge; two other obedient natives are sent up the tree to lop off the interfering branches.

Then when all is ready, several soldiers enter the house, pour kerosene on the walls and floors of thatch and bamboo, and set fire to the flimsy structure. When we rode on nothing but ashes marked the cite.

Thence we proceeded under escort to Malolos and thence by railway to San Fernando, which was in July the extreme front of our line on the north. The town lies about thirty miles from Manila on the railway, beyond it the tracks have been torn up. The northern end of the road—the longer section—is still controlled and operated by the Filipinos, who with foresight ran most of the cars and locomotives to the northern terminus before hostilities broke out. The ownership is vested in an English company, and whenever there is an advance, the wide-awake British manager goes up the line and superintends the work of the insurgents in tearing up the track, so that they do not damage the property unnecessarily, and when Americans relay the track a few



PEACEFUL SAN FERNANDO



FILIPINO WORK AT SAN FERNANDO

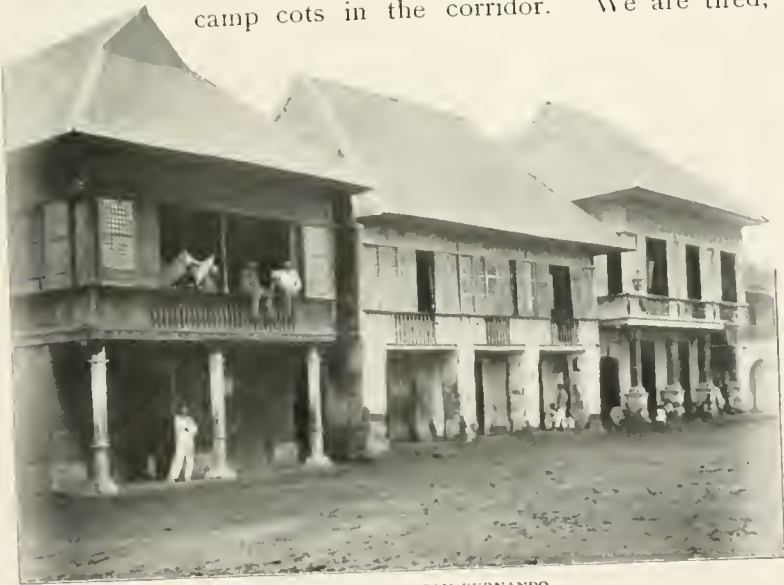
weeks later, the same business-like Briton stands by to see that the work is properly done.

There is not much to see in San Fernando. The Filipinos had burned the church and all the public buildings before retiring from the town.

There is, of course, no hotel, no place to go, unless you chance to have a friend among the officers, who occupy the few remaining habitable houses. We fortunately have acquaintances and force ourselves into their overcrowded mess. We bring our own canned goods and other things in bottles; our hosts provide us with camp cots in the corridor. We are tired,



VALENTINE



OFFICERS' QUARTERS — SAN FERNANDO



THE COLORS

hot, and hungry on arrival, and grateful for a place to lay our heads. The officers look worn out and almost discouraged. For weeks they have been ill, and the rains now aggravate the malady. Four or five times each week their men are called upon to man the trenches and spend a weary



TROOPS AT SAN FERNANDO



COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

night lying in the mud. A force of 8,000 Filipinos almost surrounds the town; occasionally they close even the one gap when the railway enters. Opposed to them are not more than 3,000 Americans.

In the center of the town few uniforms are visible, the greater part of the garrison being on duty near the outlying trenches. They tell us that Aguinaldo has announced his in-



AN ADVANCED POST NEAR SAN FERNANDO

tention of sleeping in our beds to-night, therefore we turn in at nine to get as much use of the beds as possible. It is the anniversary of the fight at El Caney in Cuba. The men with whom we lodge were in that fight. I fall asleep while listening to the slow dripping of water on a neighboring roof. Each drop produces a metallic sound as it falls upon the iron roof,—a sound "like that of bullets striking" as one of the

officers remarks, and then he shows us the small round holes in all the walls through which the bullets really came two weeks before. We sleep until half-past ten, then some one shakes me, says, "Holmes, here's the battle you came to see. Better get up and look at it." Rousing myself I listen; the patter of the raindrops that lulled us to sleep has grown more remote but quicker, for thousands of men are firing in the distant darkness, exchanging shots with unseen enemies. Meanwhile the officers shout quick commands from the window, jump into their uniforms, and rush into the street. We follow as rapidly as possible, for it is not safe to linger in an upper story while leaden rain is pouring into town.

One company is drawn up, the others have already started for the firing line. The firing doubles in intensity



EL RIO PASIG



GOING UP THE RIVER

and spreads from its starting-point to right and left, until it seems to come from all directions. Then rockets are sent



UP THE RIVER

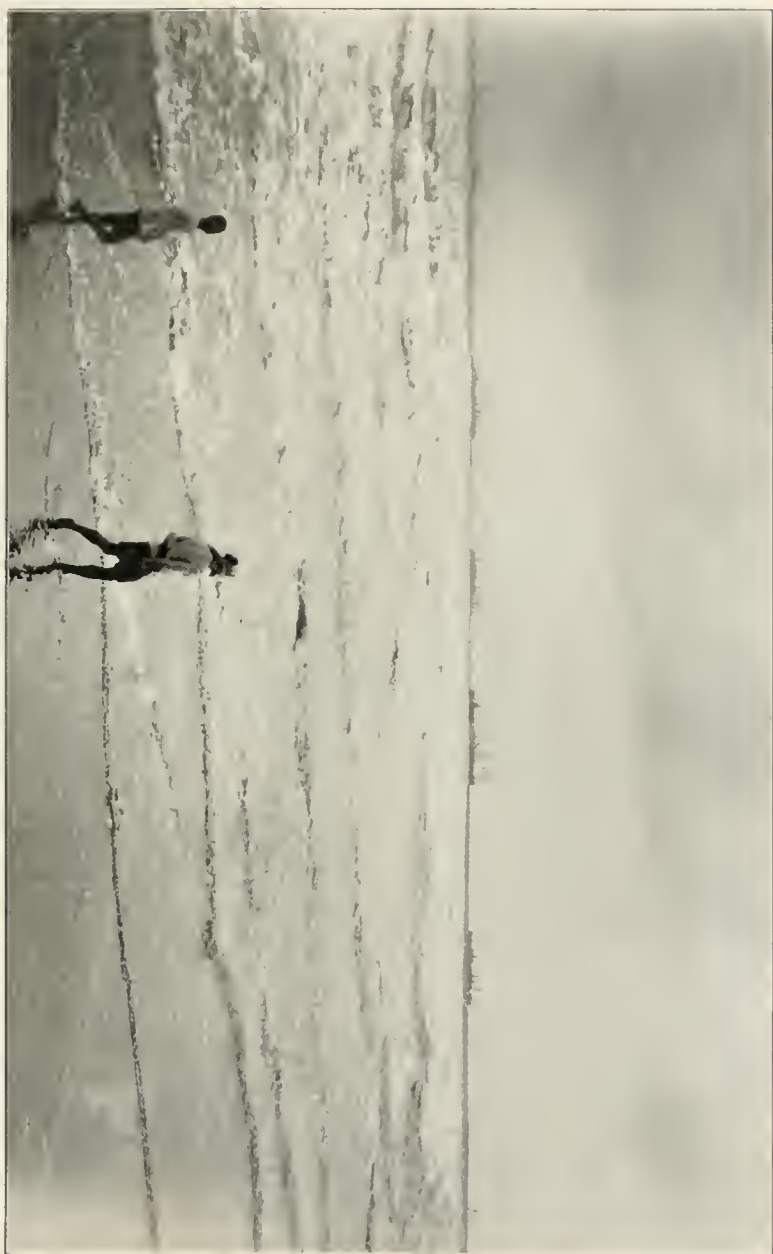


SUMMER AND SICKNESS HAVE COME

up from the Filipino line. It must be the threatened general attack. Aguinaldo is trying to make good his promise to



GOING VISITING



TYPHOON WEATHER

sleep in town to-night. Meantime I find it far more comfortable to sit beneath a balcony behind a sturdy pillar of masonry than in the open street. My friend the correspondent seeks me out and asks, "Have you got your revolver and cartridges?" "No," I reply, "but I've got my camera and an extra roll of films." I wanted to be prepared in case the fighting lasted until sunrise. An hour and a half is passed thus in suspense, listening to the distant, smothered rattling of the guns. Then suddenly the firing ceases, and the men return to the barracks. Only one man was killed in our ranks. He was struck by a stray bullet as he groped his way through the darkness toward the trenches.



THE BEAUTIFUL PASIG

There being no prospects of further fighting, we hasten back to town next day. The arrival of the rainy season has put an end to fighting. The opposing forces at the front go into "summer quarters," postponing all thought of active hostilities until a more propitious season. Travel and photography are alike impossible. Therefore, late in July we leave Manila. The typhoon signals are flying as we steam down the Pasig and across the wind-swept bay. But although two fierce typhoons are swirling up the China Sea, we glide smoothly between the centers of disturbance and come in safety to Hongkong, where the great transpacific liners wait. We are far from satisfied with the results of our war-time visit to the Philippines, in fact, we have not seen the Philippines—we have seen only the city of Manila and the narrow strip of Luzon territory held by our forces. Of the wonderful Philippine Archipelago we have seen virtually nothing. We depart, therefore, with the firm resolve to return on the conclusion of the war to study the Americanized Luzon of the near future and to explore the other islands of the archipelago when peace shall have made them accessible to the traveler.

Yet it is something to have been witnesses of the transformation of Manila, to have seen the sleepy haunt of Spanish inactivity suddenly become the busy center of American enterprise in the Far East.



THINKING OF HOME.

